NOVEMBER 28, 1975/75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes

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The Pentagon's secret plan to crush domestic revolt

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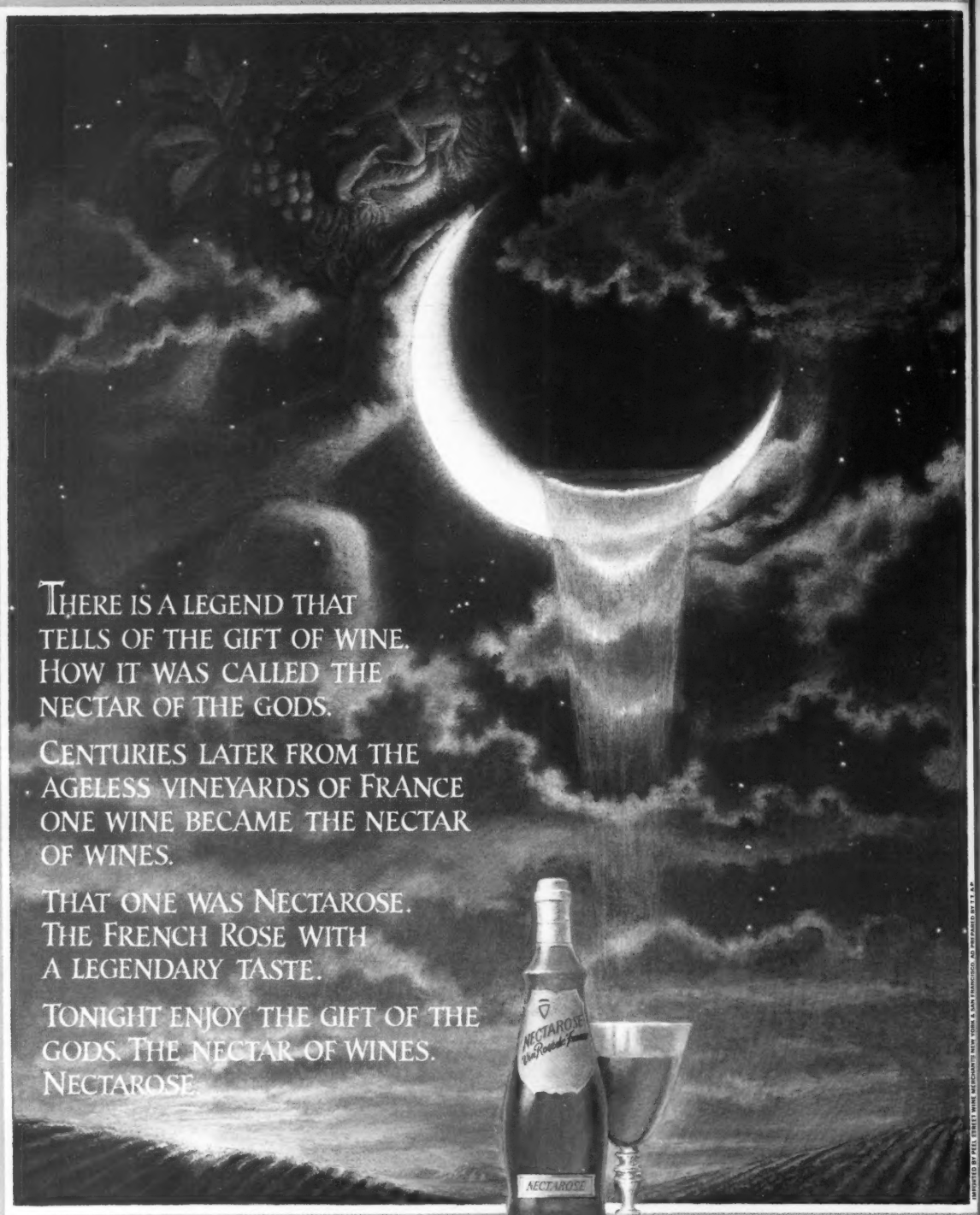
THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR
OF WINES.
THAT ONE WAS NECTAROSE.
THE FRENCH ROSE WITH
A LEGENDARY TASTE.
TONIGHT ENJOY THE GIFT OF THE
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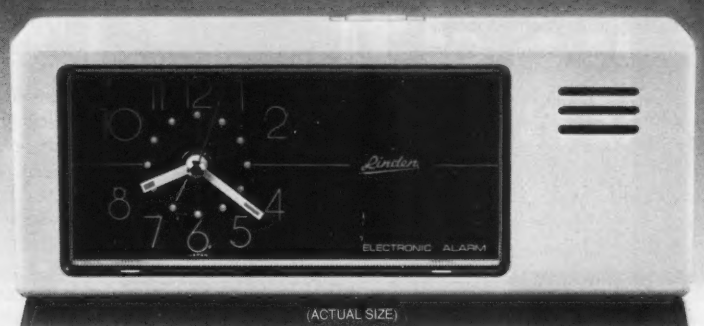

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NOVEMBER 28, 1975
VOLUME 5, NUMBER 11

New Times

TOP OF THE NEWS

Bringing the war home

America threatened to come apart in the Sixties. After a massive riot wracked Detroit in 1967, the Pentagon was asked to plan for such near-insurrections in the future. The result was a secret blueprint for putting troops into every major city in the country. At secret training sessions, police, National Guardsmen and civilian officials were goaded by right-wing rhetoric to prepare to stamp out "the revolutionaries." But the plan could also be used to stamp out basic American freedoms.

By Ron Ridenhour with Arthur Lubow
Page 18

Photo Credits

Page 64-Michael Landskroner

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Blues for Karen Anne

A writer went to a Morristown, New Jersey, courtroom to observe lawyers and doctors debate 21-year-old Karen Quinlan's right to die in peace and found himself surrounded by droves of newsmen, psychics and voyeurs, who turned one family's tragedy into a circus.

By Robert Ward
Page 26

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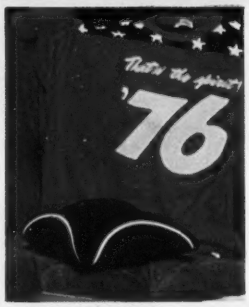
NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp., One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $15.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign. Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS, ETC. TO NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302

ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, 10016.

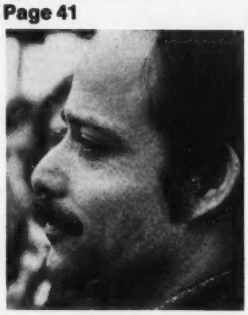


THE BICENTENNIAL

The Great American Bicentennial Sale

Want to show your true (patriotic) colors? Want to spend a buck? Merchants across the nation, betting that you do, are stockpiling Bicentennial goods so that soon you will be able, quite literally, to eat, drink and be married in a patriotic flurry of red, white and blue. As a service to our readers, *New Times* has compiled a catalogue of Bicentennial artifacts that will make even the most stalwart member of the DAR blush.

By Ernest Lendler
Page 41



THE BICENTENNIAL

Reclaiming the revolution

While the "Buy-centennial" rolls on, a group of self-proclaimed revolutionaries called the People's Bicentennial Commission is bidding fellow Americans to don flag lapel pins and hark back to the ideals of the Founding Fathers. Led by Jeremy Rifkin, the group advocates nothing short of worker ownership of business. And, surprisingly, the call is being met with enthusiasm: A recent poll shows a majority of the public favors what Rifkin terms "economic democracy."

By Al Robbins
Page 46

Slow Down Page 5
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Reviews
Movies: *Smile* and *Mahogany*
Page 54
Books: *Season Songs*
Page 55
Theater: *Travesties*
Page 62
Music: Reggae Chic
Page 64

Final Tribute
Drive for power
By Mark Goodman
Page 68

Either this car is a miracle or this ad is a lie.

From the time we're very small, we're all taught to believe that when you pay more for something, you can expect to get more.

Which is why what you are about to read will be very hard to accept.

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When we asked an independent testing company to test it, however, we said, "Don't compare it to other $4,000 cars. Instead, put it up against $6,000 cars. And let's see what happens."

So they tested the Fiat against three $6,000 cars that have big reputations for performance: the BMW 2002, the Audi 100LS, and the Volvo 242. They ran three different handling tests and four different acceleration tests.

In separate tests of cornering, steering, road-holding ability, and overall responsiveness, the Fiat was every bit the equal of the BMW, the Audi, and the Volvo.

And in four separate acceleration tests, the Fiat ran away from all of them. In fact, from 40-70 mph it beat the Volvo by the astounding margin of 157 feet.

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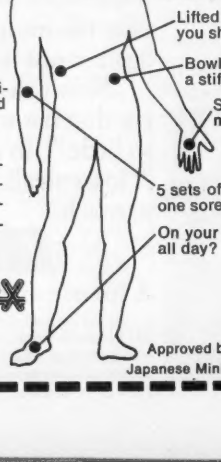
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5 sets of tennis, one sore elbow.
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NewTimes

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Do snuff films exist?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Rumors about the existence of "snuff films," pornographic movies in which the actress is actually murdered, are finding their way into print. *Variety* described one such film this way: "Pic, reportedly made in Argentina, allegedly opens with a typical hard-core sex scene involving a group of men and one woman. After assorted oral and sadomasochistic sex acts, one of the men produces a knife and stabs the surprised actress repeatedly. She is then dismembered on camera."

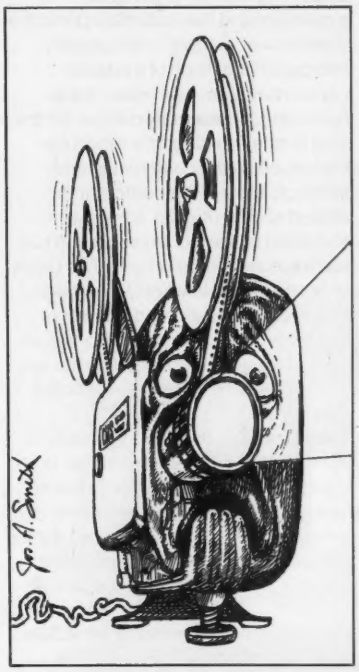
Can such an abomination really exist?

If snuff films were being imported, one might think U.S. Customs would know about them. They don't. "But that doesn't mean they don't exist," a Customs official admitted. "There are a lot of things we don't get a handle on." The Customs man said agents have not been officially alerted about the films, but "it's the sort of thing law enforcement people talk about together for hours."

Sgt. Joseph Horman of New York's Organized Crime Control Bureau, who is investigating snuff films, has yet to turn up a single print. But he believes they do exist, based on information from sources in organized crime.

"Horman believes in flying saucers, too," I was told by Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, the porn paper. "I only ever hear of snuff films when the press asks me about them," said Goldstein, himself the producer of a couple of hard-core films. "No one's ever seen one. Except four years ago at the Wet Dream Film Festival in Holland, I've never seen even an animal killed, which you'd think would be a precursor." Goldstein, although not *positive* snuff films don't exist, strongly suspects that the stories are all part of an attempt to "smear pornography" in order to build popular support for a drive to "clean up" New York in time for the Democratic National Convention next year.

A New York newspaperman with extensive knowledge of the porn biz also doubts the films exist. "Anybody who had the original would make a lot of copies and sell 'em. So by now there'd be copies around, and the cops would be able to get their hands on one. An informant would give his eye teeth for a snuff movie; it would mean peace for a year."



If no one is sure snuff films exist, no one is sure that they don't either.

Everybody knows porno has a problem—what one critic called "the climax as anticlimax." To titillate, pornography must show forbidden acts, and today, what is forbidden? As Luis Buñuel says, "Sex without sin is like an egg without salt." Pornography has to strive to stay evil.

Just seven years ago *I Am Curious, Yellow* had America agog over its *simulated* sex scenes. The real thing followed within a year in *Man and Wife*. If fake sex gave way to real sex, might not fake violence give way to real violence?

Any kind of violence is alien to such good clean porn as *The Wetter, the Better*, which I saw the other night. Although the director's incessant use of extreme close-ups tended to make all sex acts resemble surgical procedures, no one was ever cut. It would have been completely out of place for someone to start attacking the women. This was pornography, not some Clint Eastwood movie.

There *are* sadomasochistic films, but most of them are not classified as pornography, since people are shown hacking each other to pieces rather than making love. Ghoulies, roughies and kinkies—as they're called in the trade—have ruled the drive-ins since *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs* sent Heinz stock soaring in 1963.

Cinema gore has not always flowed from catsup bottles. Around the turn of the century, Thomas Edison made a "Biograph" called "Electrocution of an Elephant"—which is exactly what it showed. Horses were driven over cliffs in France so that they could be photographed being dashed to pieces on the rocks below. For a Danish movie, a horse was fed to two lions, who were then shot. And films of public executions—hangings in America and beheadings abroad—played to enthusiastic audiences.

Animals have been killed for films, and there have been films of people being killed. But people being killed for films?

"That would have nothing to do with pornography," Goldstein says. "That would be murder. It would emanate from, like, a Manson." Manson exists; and he is rumored to have filmed "human sacrifices."

Krafft-Ebing theorized that "sadism is commoner in time of decline and degeneration," and cited the last years of Rome as a "manifestly sadistical epoch." It's possible that we live in such a time, and snuff films are real. The scary thing is, it doesn't even seem surprising. ●

Too much freedom

The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission, a gathering of the political and business elites from Japan, Western Europe and the United States, recently completed a study on the state of democracy in the world and concluded that we have a dangerous excess of freedom. This in itself would not be cause for great alarm, except that studies by such commissions have a way of becoming government policy. In the future we may be in for some sophisticated attacks on our liberties.

The author of the American section of the study is Professor Samuel P. Huntington, a well-known and influential social scientist, one of the very special group that attended Harvard immediately after World War II. Sam is not as well-known as some of his other classmates, such as Henry Kissinger, James Schlesinger (recently deposed Secretary of Defense) and Zbigniew Brzezinski. But influence is manifested in a variety of ways, and Huntington is known for his ability to enunciate Big Ideas, which are then molded into policy by others.

There is, it seems, absolutely no correlation between the success of a Big Idea man and the success of the policies that come from his ideas. Huntington, you may remember, is associated with one of the most disastrous foreign policy notions of recent history: the "forced-draft urbanization" of the Vietnamese peasantry.In a 1968 article in *Foreign Affairs,* the journal of the Council on Foreign Relations, Huntington suggested that it would be a wonderful idea if the U.S. would "dry up the sea" around the Viet Cong guerrillas by bombing the heck out of the countryside and driving the farmers into the cities and towns. The policy of carpet bombing was already in effect, but now it had respectability–an entire conceptual scheme around it. Saigon became the bastion of the Free World—at least until this April when, the invader at its door, it held out for an heroic 80 minutes.

Having proved that a Big Idea need not be a correct one, Huntington has gone on undaunted to an even bigger concept. His new idea, unveiled in May at the Kyoto meeting of the Trilateral Commission, had to do with the sense of crisis that his powerful sponsors are feeling these days about the future of democracy. As elaborated in his report, the feeling was that ordinary citizens were getting out of hand. Beginning with the civil rights movement and the protests against the Vietnam war, people in this country had gotten too much of a taste for democracy, and, as a result, it was becoming increasingly difficult for the elite to rule. Huntington's report was discussed by the conference, and, although a few of the participants offered some criticism, it has been endorsed by the commission and has just appeared in book form (*The Crisis of Democracy,* New York University Press) as the considered opinion of that body of powerful men. It is thus of some interest to us to examine the text.

The key phrase in the report (there is always a key phrase) is "democratic distemper." The second word evokes a disease—one that is found in dogs rather than in humans. How do you determine if you have "democratic distemper"? It is not easy, for the symptoms are not simply a personal sense of anxiety about the wisdom of our leaders but a more general mood of resistance to authority, or what Sam calls "the democratic surge." This surge disrupted the normal authority relationships that have controlled American society in the postwar period, creating difficulties for the old club that used to run things. In describing the fracturing of the club, Sam tells a good deal more about the power elite than is normally conceded by established academics:

"To the extent that the United States was governed by anyone during the decades after World War II, it was governed by the President acting with the support and cooperation of key individuals and groups in the Executive Office, the federal bureaucracy, Congress and the more important businesses, banks, law firms, foundations and media, which constitute the private Establishment."

The problem of "democratic distemper" began with the rest of us trying to get in on the act, particularly with the Sixties antiwar movement:

"Truman had been able to govern the country with the cooperation of a relatively small number of Wall Street lawyers and bankers. By the mid-60s the source of power in society had diversified tremendously, and this was no longer possible."

Remember that this talk of ruling with a small number of Wall Street lawyers and bankers is not the rhetoric of some campus Marxist but rather a reasoned statement offered to an audience of some of the most knowledgeable government insiders, most of whom agreed with the formulation. Huntington's thesis rests on the interesting notion that the old imperial presidency (now destroyed by Nixon and Watergate) gave Americans the mere illusion of democracy. In reality, it was the corporate elite and their technocratic experts who exercised the real power.

"He [the president] has to constitute a broad governing coalition of strategically located supporters who can furnish him with the information, talent, expertise, manpower, publicity, arguments and political support which he needs to develop a program, to embody it in legislation and to see it effectively implemented. This coalition, as we have indicated, must include key people in Congress, the executive branch and the private establishment. The governing coalition need have little relation to the electoral coalition."

The problem, then, is that we of the electoral coalition got tired of voting for presidents who governed in ways that contradicted their campaign promises and took to more direct methods of promoting political change. In the process there were two major defectors from elite rule:

Continued on page 12

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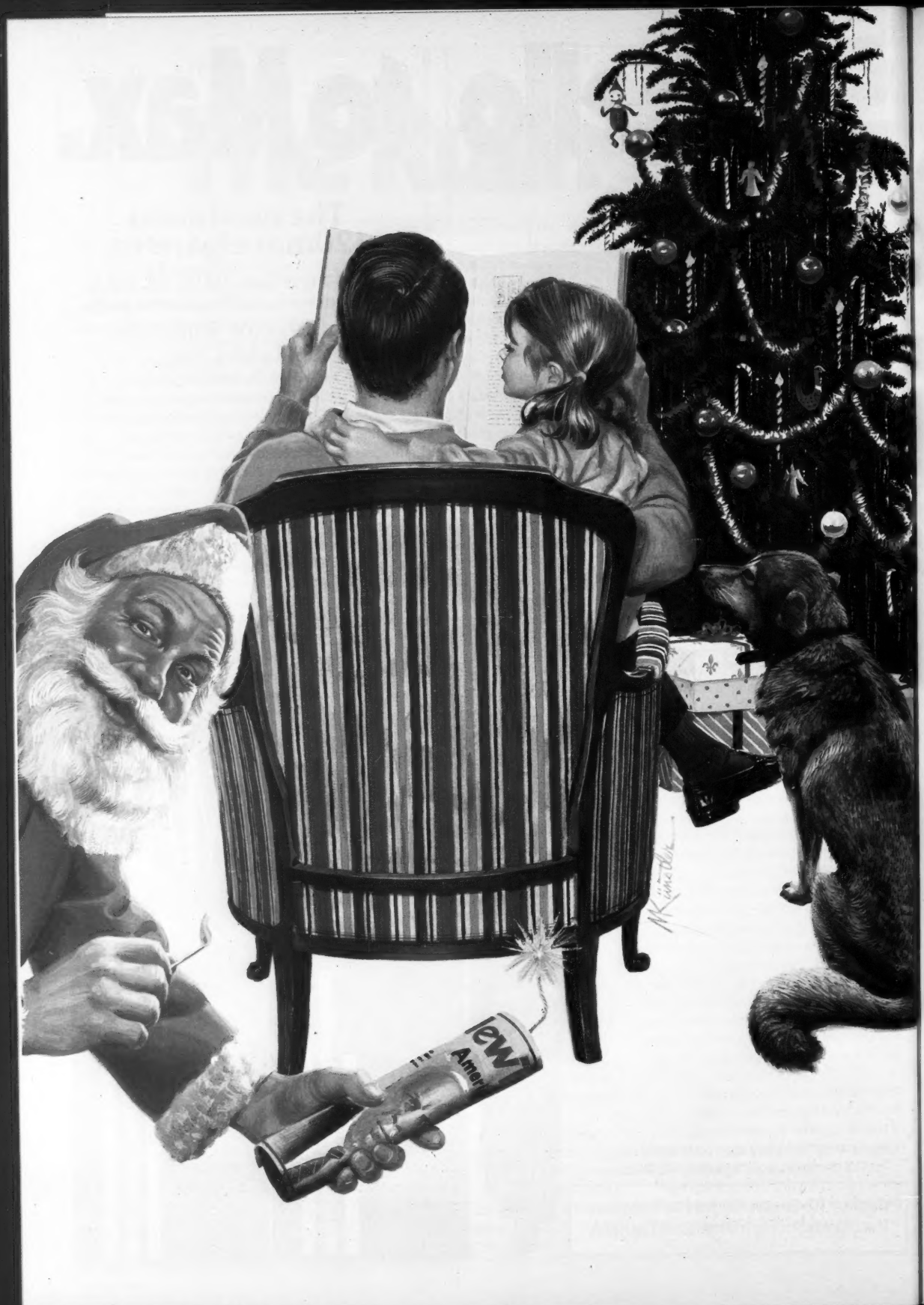

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NEW TIMES is often first as well with facts concerning the health and perhaps the survival of Americans. The full story about aerosols and depletion of ozone in the atmosphere was first aired in NEW TIMES. And facts about newly discovered dangers of the Pill were in NEW TIMES first.

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Who but NEW TIMES would have had the temerity to publish a list of the Ten Dumbest Congressmen? Who was the first to look behind the macho facade of the military, to tell about persecution of homosexuals in the army?

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NEW TIMES introduced its readers to two of the most promising new ways to expand your consciousness and your personal effectiveness, Silva Mind Control and Erhard Seminars Training (est). NEW TIMES told how you can escape from your shrink. (You'd be surprised how many people want to but don't know how.) NEW TIMES even did its own medical research on marijuana and concluded that pot has some advantages most people don't know about. And NEW TIMES told how single grandparents have been living together by the thousands to beat inflation.

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Congress and the media. Until six years ago Congress had docilely followed its few "key people," but now, as Huntington sadly notes, it has become an unruly bunch of people, many of whom act as if they were afraid of the voters. More important, the national media, which formerly could be counted upon to print the press releases of the elite as all the truth that was fit to print, have emerged as a source of all kinds of news unflattering to the elite. If one doubts the seriousness of Huntington's concern, it is only necessary to look at his solutions for handling media problems. These solutions—adopted by his colleagues on the Trilateral task force—contain the following inflammatory injunction:

> . . . either as a result of editorial direction, or as a result of the increasing influence of the journalists vis-a-vis owners and editors, the press has taken an increasingly critical role towards government and public officials. Traditional norms of "objectivity" and "impartiality" have been brushed aside in favor of "advocacy journalism." As a result, the press has become more powerful and less responsible, and significant measures are required to restore an appropriate balance between the press, the government and other institutions in society . . . there might also be the need to assure to the government the right and the ability to withhold information at the source . . . . Journalists must discipline themselves and develop and enforce their own standards of professionalism or in due course face the probability of regulation by the government.

In Huntington's own work, we can see how the circle closes. Huntington advocates an insane Vietnam policy, which the government then follows. But this policy will only make sense if the citizenry is in ignorance of the facts. If the press informs them of the facts, they will lose respect for the authority of the government. Rather than recommend that the leaders and their policies be changed, Huntington ends with a call for muzzling the press. But unless one is a member of that precious group of policy makers, who have been so wrong and still retain their influence, it is clear that "democratic distemper" is a good thing, and let's have more of it. ●

Mr. Ford's "guys"

Fulminations

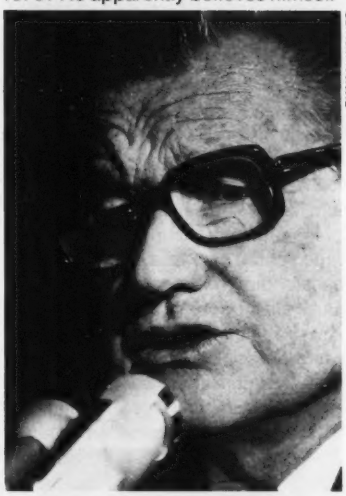
By Larry L. King

There's the story about the maiden lady who kept a cussing parrot. Only when asleep did it fail to swear a blue streak. One morning, the maiden lady spied her pious parson approaching. She quickly tossed a blanket over the parrot's cage. It abruptly fell silent. As the man of cloth was being made profusely welcome, the parrot shrilled, "Goddamn short day!" So, too, it must seem to Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller. For decades he's struggled to live in the Republican sunshine, and after a year they've thrown a blanket over his cage.

Not that I mind all that much. No, such liberal or humanitarian instincts as Rocky may once have possessed fled him long ago. He was a superhawk on the Vietnam war, he passed the harshest marijuana law in the country, he did nothing to prevent the carnage at Attica and lately we've learned that his cops in New York kept Nixon-like tabs on "dissenters" ranging from Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm to columnist Tom Wicker to the NAACP.

For too long Rocky's been just another politician panting for power. How desperately he coveted it was revealed when he kissed every tush in the South—including George Wallace's—in a vain effort to stay on the Ford ticket. All he got for surrendering such little as remained of his soul was the word from Jerry Ford—or Ford's hatchet men—that he should include himself out. Isaac was offered up by Abraham as a human sacrifice only once; it happens to Nelson Rockefeller every time he sticks his head up among Old Guard Republicans. One need not be a Rocky rooter to appreciate the extent to which he has been shafted.

Rightist Republicans apparently are afflicted with a small appreciation for the lessons of the past. Here they are with a President so conservative that the ghost of Herbert Hoover must be doing a happy jig through the White House, and all they can think to do is engage in fratricide because the ticket's number-two man once stood up to them when they insisted on the Goldwater debacle. Rockefeller was correct when he said he had been victimized "by a minority of the minority." One wonders what our accidental President is thinking of in so permitting the party tail to wag the party dog. Already he's accommodated the troglodyte wing to the point that should he move three feet more to the right he'll fall off the rim. Has it not occurred to him that he will need more votes than the troglodytes can muster if he is to win in 1976? He apparently believes himself



DIANA H. WALKER

so vulnerable to Ronald Reagan's challenge in the early primaries that he is moving to appease the Rightists at all costs—hoping, one assumes, that the future will take care of itself once the Reagan threat is dissipated. If he looked no farther than the Rockefeller example, however, he might discover that Rightists' appetites are rarely appeased short of cannibalism. It appears that Ford has jumped into the pot with a smile on his face.

It's no secret that Donald Rumsfeld, the Secretary of Defense designate, fancies himself as the number-two man on Ford's ticket next year; all evidence indicates that Ford is willing to give him a shot at it. The vexing question is why. Rumsfeld, like Ford himself, is a Midwestern conservative who is unlikely to broaden the Republican base; unlike Rockefeller, he has no special appeal among moderates, independents or even some myopic liberals. He is a young fogy who came on the scene as a staunch Nixon disciple, and precious little exists to show he has changed. Rumsfeld and Ford on the same ticket would be Tweedledum and Tweedledee preaching only to the converted.

In his cabinet shifts designed to bring "my guys" closer to him, the President may have booby-trapped himself. Rumsfeld's confirmation is expected, though not before several pounds of Republican flesh are extracted. There is a real possibility (even a probability, from recent private soundings on Capitol Hill) that George Bush, while a decent sort, will fail to be confirmed as the new CIA chieftain. Even Hill Republicans were astonished, if not outraged, that at a time when the CIA is being critically examined, Mr. Ford would be so injudicious as to appoint a partisan politician to its tallest chair. Bush has been a Republican congressman, ran for the U.S. Senate in Texas on that party's ticket and has served as Republican National Chairman. And he is considered a possible number-two man on the Ford ticket should Rumsfeld be denied. The memories of Watergate—of John Mitchell and Pat Gray—are too fresh to permit partisan pills to head an agency already in need of purges.

Democratic partisans may be forgiven for laughing behind their hands at strategies appearing as clumsy as the President looks in falling down airplane steps or stumbling over wheelchairs. He has again taken the spotlight off their own congressional confusions and their inability, to date, to offer a presidential candidate worthy of the game. Secretly, even they must be appalled at having a President who seems to grasp so little about so much.●

Huey Newton in Cuba;
A magician's view of Uri Geller

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Politics

Reconstructing Huey

There have been persistent reports that Huey P. Newton, former chairman of the Black Panther Party, is in Cuba. Newton jumped a $42,000 bail on August 23, 1974, in order to escape separate California charges that he assaulted two black vice squad

LEE LOCKWOOD/BLACK STAR

Newton: Cuban connection

officers, pistol-whipped his tailor and shot and killed a 17-year-old girl.

According to sources who have seen Newton recently, he has been in Cuba ever since he fled, and they have this to say about his new life:

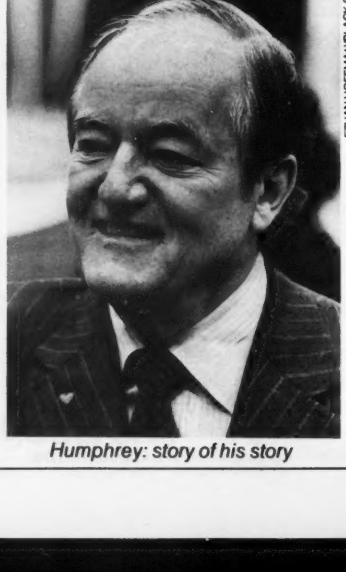
Newton's relations with Cuban authorities became strained almost immediately. The Cubans were concerned about Newton's drinking problem, which purportedly began in California. More important, after doing some checking in California radical circles, they concluded that Newton might well be guilty of the crimes with which he had been charged. For months, Newton remained unemployed, living in several Havana hotels including the Havana Hilton. Finally, for reasons that are not clear, Newton requested a construction job. At last report, he was alive and well, and building homes outside Havana.

Over the Hump

It's been a rocky road for Doubleday, which still hopes to have Hubert Humphrey's long-awaited autobiography out by next year. The Minnesota senator has been working on his manuscript for six years. Pinning down the happy warrior long enough to actually make progress, however, has often been a study in futility.

There was at least one time along the way when it seemed the project would be quickly wrapped up. In 1973 Humphrey learned that he might have cancer. He immediately phoned collaborator Norman Sherman, met him at breakfast and explained—one assumes discreetly—that he had no intention of dying before he committed his life story to history. To wit: For the next three weeks Humphrey would dictate to Sherman for four or five hours a day and they would finish the book. All was going well until Humphrey's biopsy report came back and showed that the senator didn't have cancer after all. Out went the schedule.

The 500-page manuscript, which leads off with a stream-of-consciousness chapter recounting Election Day 1968, now has a tentative spring publication date.



ETHAN HOFFMAN/BLACK STAR

Humphrey: story of his story

Campaign notes

The new wave of the campaign financing may be rock concerts. Tom Hayden, attempting to unseat Sen. John Tunney (D-Calif.), took advantage of his counterculture connections to stage a mid-September benefit starring Linda Ronstadt and Jackson Browne. The concert grossed $33,289. Georgia's Jimmy Carter isn't exactly counterculture material, but

ANDREW SCHNEIDER

his uphill battle for the Democratic presidential nomination garnered $1,000 from rock impresario Bill Graham and thousands more from a Marshall Tucker Band benefit. Now the Allman Brothers are planning a November 25 Carter benefit in Providence, R.I., which could net up to $80,000.

—Ronald Reagan forces have won a victory in, of all places, Massachusetts—the only state to go for George McGovern in 1972. The Republican State Committee recently enacted a delegate selection plan that will give each candidate in the March 2 primary a proportional share of the state's 43 convention delegates based upon the popular vote. Reagan's supporters expect that their man will not win the primary but that he could win a psychological victory by taking a sizable number of delegates. Ford supporters had hoped to adopt a winner take all formula.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Church: late start

They lost in a hotly contested meeting and are reportedly now looking for ways to contest the decision.

— Frank Church (D-Idaho), who has gained exposure recently as the chairman of the Senate select committee investigating the CIA, is expected to announce his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination in mid-December. Further delay would hinder the already difficult task of raising money and mounting a campaign organization. In an effort to build his strength in both areas quickly, Church has reportedly contacted old pros Henry Kimelman, the finance director of the 1972 McGovern campaign, and Frank Mankiewicz, who helped both Robert Kennedy and McGovern plan political and press strategy. If they sign on—and neither has yet made a commitment—Church could get off to a fast start.

—Political observers believe that Scoop Jackson's rather lackluster campaign may soon undergo a major strategy change. The bid would be to gain the support of a big enough minority of Democratic voters to insure him the nomination. One faction in Jackson's camp is said to have convinced the Washington senator to move squarely to the right and give up further efforts at wooing liberal support. The idea is that other candidates—excepting Wallace—would divide up the left and Jackson would run up pluralities in winner-take-all congressional district primaries.

Taking to the Rhodes

During the last eight months, members of a Senate appropriations subcommittee have been taking trips paid for by the agencies they are supposed to oversee.

Last March, Frederick W. Rhodes, a staff member of the subcommittee that oversees the Treasury, Postal Service and General Government, took a trip to Georgia to review plans for moving a Federal Law Enforcement Training Center there. The Federal Center paid for the trip.

In August Rhodes and another staffer, Art Levin, spent six days in London and Paris inspecting Interpol headquarters there and reviewing presidential Secret Service protection. The Secret Service provided transportation, lodging and a $35 per diem.

In October Rhodes and Levin took a trip out West to investigate Customs operations in a number of cities. The trip was paid for by Customs.

All the trips are legal according to the rules of the Senate, but those rules were drawn up in 1953, when conflict of interest and ethics were not subject to Watergate-era scrutiny.

The trips raise this obvious question: How can the subcommittee's members, who accept free trips from agencies they are ostensibly out investigating, be objective about their conclusions?

Getting his Phil

Although the war in Vietnam is over, some activists are not appeased. Former Catholic priest Philip Berrigan recently led a demonstration aimed at disrupting the 50th anniversary celebration of Connecticut's Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, the country's major producer of jet engines for war planes. Berrigan's group painted the word "Death" on several planes on display and spilled what appeared to be blood in the cockpits of four others.

Twenty-two demonstrators, including Berrigan, were arrested. Charges are still pending against ten of them. Berrigan has already refused to appear in court on two occasions to answer charges of criminal mischief, criminal trespass and disorderly conduct. Says a spokesperson: "We have more important things to do than meet their schedules. [Berrigan] feels that the courts are illegitimate and he owes them no obedience whatsoever."

Seventies

Careening marine

The court martial proceedings were destined to create one of the more sensational trials in Armed Forces history. Charges against the young lieutenant included sodomy, conduct unbecoming an officer and fraternizing with enlisted personnel. But after more than a year of investigation, the Marine Corps changed its mind on November 7 and decided to let the implicated officer resign under honorable conditions.

Lt. Mary C. Niflis' alleged crime was having sex with five enlisted men—one of them three times—at the Marine Corps base in Yuma, Arizona. No charges were brought against the men, each of whom gave sworn testimony last summer about their sexual relations with Lt. Niflis.

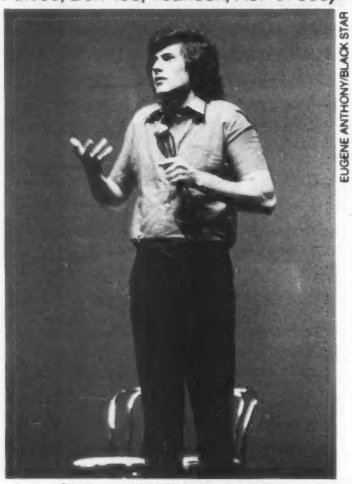
The 23-year-old lieutenant has not confessed to any of the charges and once planned to fight her case all the way to the Supreme Court. Although the prospect of an honorable discharge apparently changed her mind, it did not placate the lieutenant's mother. In a six-page letter to Senator Barry Goldwater, Mrs. Jean Rickard complained that sex discrimination was being practiced against her daughter. "It's a case of the double standard," Mrs. Rickard told our reporter. "If it had been a man who was having sex with five women, nothing would have happened."

Mary Niflis: conduct unbecoming

Para-magic?

Uri Geller, the flower of the psychic phenomena field, is a constant thorn in the side of magicians. Geller's amazing metal-bending feats, they argue, can be performed by any skilled conjurer without supernatural assistance. There is, of course, a certain honor among fakirs, but Geller's claims have finally driven at least one skeptic over the top.

At the risk of exposing the tricks of the magic community, a new, privately published pamphlet sets out to unveil Geller's alleged flimflam. "Confessions of a Psychic" purports to be the secret notebook of Uriah Fuller, a fictional rival of Uri Geller's. Actually, the 41-page document is a clever satire-exposé ($3.30 from Karl Fulves, Box 433, Teaneck, NJ. 07666).



EUGENE ANTHONY/BLACK STAR

Geller: sleighted psychic

The author, Martin Gardner, is a well-known and highly respected psychic skeptic who writes a mathematical games column for *Scientific American*. His "Confessions" uncovers the potentially simple techniques behind Geller's feats.

Bending a spoon, for instance, need only require plying it back and forth before a performance until the metal is about to snap. Later on, when the trick is in full swing, the slightest pressure will unmiraculously bend the prepared object. Another method, which Geller can employ in his bending key trademark, involves standard magical misdirection. While leading the viewer's eye to one hand, a magician can use the other to bend a key against the underside of a table—or to bend it in a special belt buckle.

Geller's alleged psychic feats have made him an international celebrity, with records, books and even a musical reportedly in the planning stages. It's not very exciting to think that Geller's miracles are mere sleight of hand, but that's precisely what magicians have long believed: Uri is parapsychology's flimflam.

Mind & Body

The eyes have it

What makes for attractive eyes? Most people would probably say the factors are size and color. Tinted contact lenses already make it possible to turn a pair of dull grey eyes steely blue. Now a Chicago professor has discovered that the size of pupils—which change constantly—is what really makes eyes look attractive.

In his book, *Tell-Tale Eye* (Van Nostrand Reinhold), Dr. Eckhard Hess describes an experiment during which he showed a group of men two identical photographs of a woman. In one, the pupils were retouched to look larger; in the other, to look smaller. The same was done with a second pair of photographs of a comparably attractive woman. The men viewed the photos in pairs and were asked questions about each of the eight possible combinations.

Consistently, the male subjects attributed qualities to the large-pupiled women such as softness, femininity and attractiveness, while describing their small-pupiled counterparts as selfish, hard and distant.

So what's your next move? A few years ago, Dr. Hess reports, all you had to do was use a widely available eyewash with the ingredient atropine—a pupil-dilating agent. Now the FDA has banned its sale on the ground that it is dangerous. But if the idea still intrigues you, there are other ways to achieve dilated pupils. Try hanging out in candlelight.

Tying things up

Sterilization has become such a popular form of birth control that it is now the contraceptive of choice among couples who have all the children they want. The latest government figures indicate that roughly half of all such couples have chosen sterilization as their contraceptive. Ten years ago the proportion was a mere 12 percent.

With the upsurge in vasectomies in the late 1960s, it used to be the men who were getting most of the sterilizations. That situation is changing dramatically, however. Whereas in 1970 only 20 percent of the sterilizations were performed on women, last year 51 percent were and this year it's estimated that nearly 60 percent will be. Nevertheless, there are still about a half million vasectomies done annually, and the government estimates that some 4½ million men have been voluntarily sterilized since 1965.

According to a new study of the operation, men who undergo vasectomies often suffer short-term side effects such as bleeding, infection and swelling. In 10 percent of the cases, the complications persisted for more than a month; only in 2 percent did they last six months or longer. Despite the wrinkle, the study of 822 men at a New York City clinic revealed that for the vast majority, the benefits of the operation far outweighed the drawbacks. Fully two-thirds of the men said the procedure had improved their sex lives by eliminating the worry of pregnancy.

Correction

An item in the Novernber 14 *Insider* (Biden his time) incorrectly identified Sen. John Stennis of Mississippi as the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The chairman of that committee is actually Sen. John Sparkman of Alabama. We apologize for the error.

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BY RON RIDENHOUR WITH ARTHUR LUBOW

BRINGING THE WAR HOME

Santa Luisa is burning. The power stations have been bombed. The local armories are in flames and the ammunition stocks have been destroyed. The riots began a day ago, after a policeman shot an antiwar demonstator, and now thousands of people are milling in the streets, blocking off traffic, breaking plate glass windows, ambushing police cars. Sirens scream in the night as revolving red beacons spasmodically illuminate the glass-strewn streets. It looks like war in Santa Luisa, and the small college town is not unique: Riots are pulsating up and down California, spreading through several of the large Eastern and Midwestern states. Years of antiwar rhetoric reverberate in an ominous new note. The war has come home.

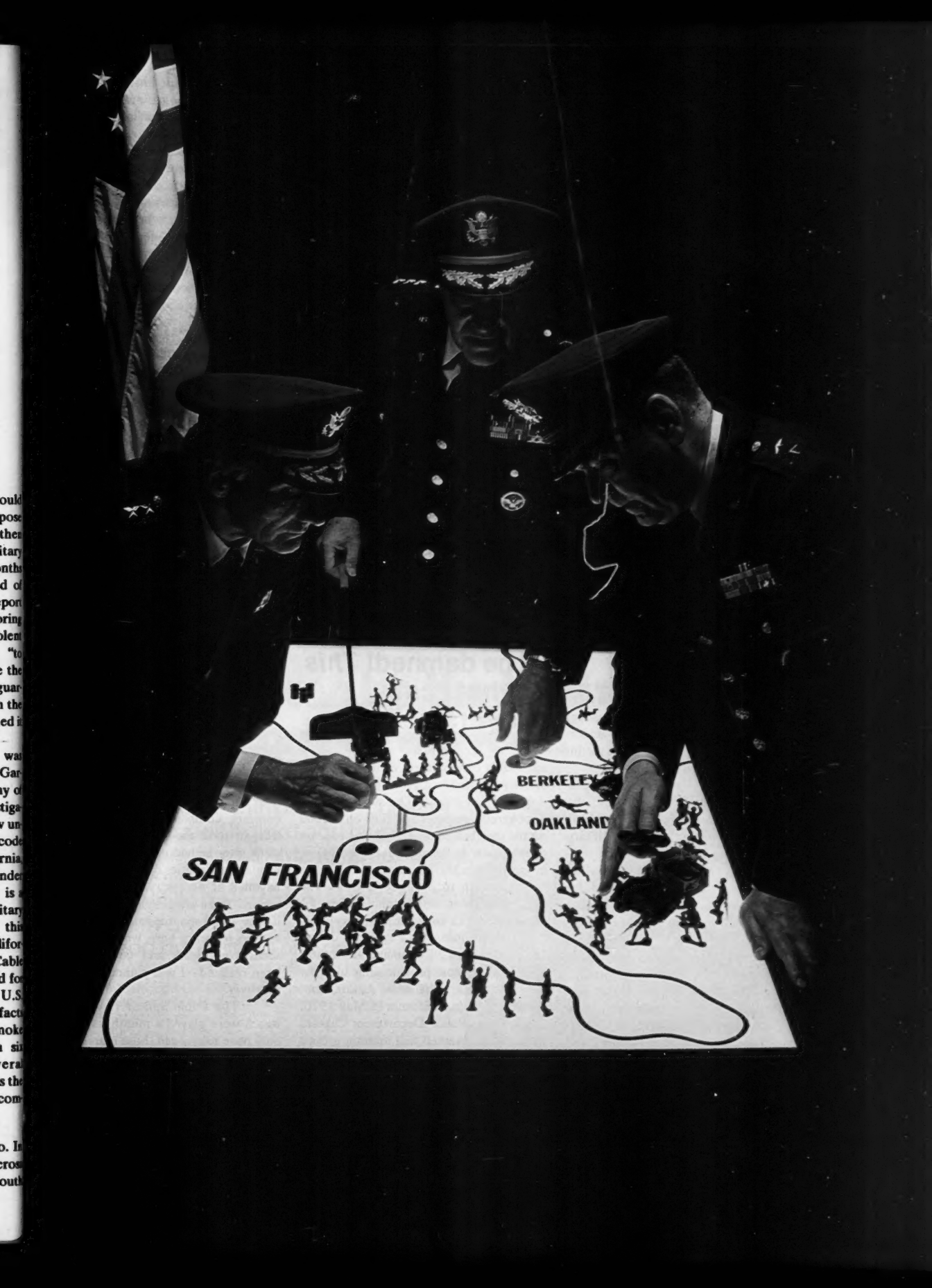
For it is a war: There is another side. As soon as the demonstrator is shot, before the first hint of public reaction, police forces have begun whirring up. They have checked their computerized lists of local radical troublemakers. They have telephoned to make sure that National Guard and Military Police forces are standing by. When the violence ignites, they are ready—detaining local radicals, mobilizing searchlight-equipped observation helicopters, coordinating U.S. Army troops with the National Guard, rolling armored tanks through the city, evacuating civilians. In four days, they have blitzed through the town, shredded the radical movement, established a curfew and imposed martial rule. After four days of war, Santa Luisa is quiet.

Close observers of the antiwar movement will be surprised that they have never heard of the Santa Luisa riots. But that's not surprising at all: There never were any riots in Santa Luisa. In fact, there never was a Santa Luisa. It is just a nightmare—a fictional creation of the Pentagon, the Justice Department and local police departments. It is their imaginative scenario of the revolution they thought would blossom from the race riots and antiwar protests of the late Sixties and early Seventies. As fiction, it would be merely an historical curiosity, except for one thing—it was the spawning ground of another nightmare, this one fact, not fiction. The Santa Luisa scenario is a game plan used by an elaborate and insidious structure that has developed over the last seven years, an intermeshing of Army, National Guard and local police forces, led by the most right-wing public officials and military men, designed to decimate leftist dissent but capable of crushing anything.

Four years ago Senator Sam Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights revealed that Military Intelligence had established an intricate surveillance system covering hundreds of thousands of American citizens. Committee staff members had seen a master plan—Garden Plot—that gave an eagle-eye view of the Army - National Guard - police strategy. But they weren't eagles, and the plan was too general to seem alarming. "We could never find any kind of unifying purpose behind it all," Britt Snider, who was then the subcommittee's main man on military intelligence, told a reporter four months ago. "It looked like an aimless kind of thing." The subcommittee issued a report condemning the Pentagon's monitoring of the "peaceful activities of non-violent citizens" whose only offense was "to stand on their hind legs and exercise the rights they thought the Constitution guaranteed." The subcommittee had seen the tail of the monster and they proclaimed it monstrous.

The subcommittee's problem was that although they had a copy of the Garden Plot master plan, they lacked any of the more detailed subplans. An investigation sponsored by *New Times* has now uncovered one of those subplans—code name Cable Splicer, covering California, Oregon, Washington and Arizona, under the command of the Sixth Army. It is a plan that outlines extraordinary military procedures to stamp out unrest in this country. Developed in a series of California meetings from 1968 to 1972, Cable Splicer is a war plan that has adapted for domestic use procedures used by the U.S. Army in Vietnam. Although many facts still remain hazy behind Pentagon smoke screens, Cable Splicer, laid out in six loose-leaf binders holding several thousand pages of documents, reveals the shape of the monster that the Ervin committee was tracking down.

The story begins a decade ago. In 1965 Watts exploded in riots and, across the Pacific, Marines landed in South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Vietnam. It was the opening of a long season of racial unrest and political turmoil. Four major ghettos suffered riots that year, leaving 36 dead and more than a thousand injured. The next year was checkered with 21 major riots and civil disorders fueled by racial issues, economic grievances and the Vietnam war. Seven times the National Guard was called in to restore order. In 1967 there were 83 incidents, 25 of which required the Guard. A third of the 83 were marked by sniping, over half of the 83 by looting.

The turning point was Detroit. The Detroit riots of 1967 were the most destructive civil disturbances of the decade. Forty-three died, several hundred were wounded and over 5,000 were left homeless. President Johnson sent troubleshooter Cyrus Vance—later the American representative to the Paris Peace Talks — as his personal observer to Detroit. After the riot, Johnson appointed a National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, headed by Illinois Governor Otto Kerner. A week later, Harold K. Johnson, Chief of Staff of the Army, set up another task force to study "every aspect of the Army's role in civil disturbances." The Army task force assisted the Kerner Commission. It also issued its own report in early 1968. Acting on the report's recommendations, the Pentagon took a five-pronged approach to solving the civil disturbance problem:

- Following and expanding the suggestion of Cyrus Vance, Military Intelligence—working with the FBI, local county and state police forces—undertook and directed a massive domestic intelligence-gathering operation.
- To train senior military, National Guard and police officers, the Senior Officers Civil Disturbance Course (SEADOC) was instituted at the Military Police Academy in Georgia.
- Contingency plans, called "planning packets," were prepared for every city in the country that had a potential for student, minority or labor unrest.
- Security forces ranging from Army troops to local police were trained to implement their contingency plans.
- The Army task force that had designed this program took on a new name, the Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations, and became a national coordinating center for these different efforts.

The Army task force's transformation into the Directorate occurred during the massive rioting that broke out in black ghettos of 19 cities after the assassination of Martin Luther King in April 1968. The Directorate's headquarters was in the Pentagon's basement, known as "the domestic war room." Surrounded by acetate map overlays, a full-time staff of 180, including around-the-clock "watch teams," used teletype machines, telephones and radios to keep in constant communication with every state National Guard headquarters and all major military installations in the continental United States. Seven Army infantry brigades totaling 21,000 troops were available for riot duty. And a huge, sophisticated computer center kept track of all public outbursts of political dissent, thereby furnishing the first of the Army task force's prescribed remedies: intelligence.

Senator Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights discovered the computer in 1971, a full year after beginning its admirable investigation of the massive domestic operations of Military Intelligence. "At no time," its staff report states, "during the first year of the Subcommittee's investigation did either the Army or the Department of Defense admit that a computer on civilian political activity existed within the Pentagon's domestic war room." The subcommittee discovered computerized files on 18,000 of the celebrated and the obscure, on people such as Senator George McGovern and former Massachusetts Gov. Francis Sargent down to ordinary citizens who had, sometimes unknowingly, become "associated with known militant groups."

The conservative congressman thumbed through the Cable Splicer documents: "Well, I'll be damned! *This* is what I call subversive"

How does the Pentagon define "militant groups"? Documents from their war games sessions provide some idea. At the Cable Splicer III After Action Conference, held in California in May 1970, Los Angeles Police Department Captain Don Miller observed that militant groups are easy to identify since they "are normally organized according to political beliefs and/or ethnic backgrounds." Generalizations are accurate, noted Lynn "Buck" Compton, the Los Angeles prosecutor of Sirhan Sirhan, because there's "really very little difference between the Sirhans, the [Jerry] Rubins, the [Bobby] Seales, the [Abbie] Hoffmans, and the people of that stripe in that all resort to physical violence to achieve political goals." In a "revolutionary criminology" lecture listing activities that "require police action," Los Angeles Police Department Inspector John A. McAllister mentioned "loud, boisterous or obscene" behavior on beaches, "love-in type gatherings in parks where in large numbers they freak out," disruptions of "legitimate activities by gangs of noisy and sometimes violent dissidents," peace marches, rock festivals (where "violence is commonplace and sex is unrestrained") and "campus disruptions—which in fact are nothing more than mini-revolutions." The guests at the Cable Splicer conference listened and learned.

Cable Splicer I was conducted in California in May 1968, barely a month after the Army task group became the Directorate. Held at the California National Guard's training academy at the San Luis Obispo Camp, the conference was attended by 307 law enforcement and military officials from all over the state. It was designed as a workshop seminar on civil disturbance control and as a prelude to Cable Splicer II.

Cable Splicer II was a bigger affair. It began on February 10, 1969, with the Governor's Orientation Conference, the kickoff for a series of joint military-police training sessions across the state of California. Before an audience of 500—including generals from the Pentagon, the Sixth Army and the National Guard, dozens of lesser officers, police chiefs and sheriffs from as far east as Washington, D.C., California state legislators, a dozen Military Intelligence officers and executives from telephone, utility and defense-contract companies—Governor Ronald Reagan took the microphone. It was a week after he had promised to keep California's universities open at the point of a bayonet, if necessary. "You know," he began, "there are people in the state who, if they could see this gathering right now and my presence here, would decide that their worst fears and convictions had been realized—I was planning a military takeover."

The Cable Splicer II war games, which were played a month later, would only have reinforced those fears and convictions. The games were organized

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Ron Ridenhour, the Tempe, Arizona, correspondent of NEW TIMES, *spent several months gathering information for this article. The Fund for Investigative Journalism supported some of his research. Arthur Lubow is a free lance writer living in New York.*

around 23 existing political jurisdictions, usually at the city, county or regional level, across California. On the scheduled morning, the controllers, players, monitors and observers gathered in the "emergency operations center," usually the radio room of the county sheriff or of the largest participating police department. In some cases, a National Guard armory was used. Among the participants were senior National Guard officers and their Army advisers, senior police and sheriff's officers and telephone and utility company executives. The soldiers always wore civilian clothing and took all precautions to disguise the military's cooperation with the police.

By the time the participants gathered in the emergency operations center, anywhere from six weeks to six months of preparation had already been invested in the game. Initial orders had been transmitted from the Army command to the state National Guard headquarters, where, with the help of Army advisers, the scenarios were drafted. On every level, in every way, military men worked closely with police officers. In California the Guard prepared two special intelligence documents, titled "Special Intelligence Summary" and "Organizations and Personalities." Although their content is unknown, apparently they supply intelligence data on California citizens and political organizations. Asked if that were true, Lt. Col. Frank Salcedo, public information officer for the California Guard and a Cable Splicer planner since 1969, answered rhetorically: "Well, how else could you do it?" Copies of both documents were sent to Cable Splicer planners to help them create realistic skirmishes. On their end, local policemen prepared their own special intelligence summaries featuring the "best described dissident activity" for their community, targeting either racial, student or labor unrest. Finally, over 1,200 preplanned intelligence reports on supposedly imaginary events, people and organizations, carefully pasted to IBM cards, were provided to help generate the make-believe war.

With everything ready, it's time to begin. The clock reads 0800 hours. The players listen to a special intelligence summary, learning the background of the civil disturbance that has led up to the current "emergency." At that point, the "controllers"—usually the senior National Guard officers and their Army advisers—begin play, feeding the IBM-card preplanned intelligence reports of dissident activity to the players. Seated at rows of desks dotted with telephones, facing a "situation map" of their community, the players respond to the unfolding scenario. They are the thin blue line standing between order and anarchy.

The situation escalates. In Phase I of the scenario possessed by *New Times*, an arrest and shooting provoke crowd unrest and threats against public officials. Fourteen hours later (not real time: The riot unfolds like a time-phased movie of a chicken hatching) a "major incident" occurs—a police car is ambushed and an officer is wounded, a minority group member is killed and two others are injured. This is followed by "minority group charges [that] police planned [the] shooting incident" and "threats of retaliation." A day passes. Intelligence reports indicate "probable widespread activity momentarily." Apparently the reports are accurate, for Phase I ends with the arrival of a "chartered flight" carrying "70 persons"—apparently radicals—who are picked up at the airport by friends in 20 separate automobiles.

Phase II begins two hours later with the ambush of several police cars, the attempted assassination of the mayor, the bombing of local armories, the destruction of vehicles and ammunition stocks and the gathering of thousands of people in the streets. County and state

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The question of secrecy

Cable Splicer was conducted in secrecy, and even today the Pentagon cover-up continues.

There was no attempt to hide the war games, according to Col. Anthony L. Palumbo, deputy controller of Cable Splicers II and III. But his statement is flatly contradicted by another participant, Lt. Col. Frank Salcedo. Asked last June if he regretted any aspect of the exercises, Salcedo said, "Yes, the secrecy." He confirmed that the entire operation had been conducted under wraps.

The documents support Salcedo. The official plan forbids all advance publicity, and warns that if either the war games or the governor's pep rallies are discovered, the two are not to be connected. And if that defense line is breached, there's another line to fall back on: The role of the Sixth Army is to be concealed. Throughout the sessions, military participants are to dress in civvies "to prevent adverse publicity or misleading psychological effects." No cable splicer is to arrive at a local police department in a military vehicle. Finally, all participating troops are warned not to talk about their classified orders. As one former game-player recalled, some papers were "read and eat." "Strict document and information control" was urged at "all levels," particularly in regard to the "realistic problem areas and technical information contained in the scenario."

So last week Col. Palumbo denied everything. (Palumbo, formerly chief of Police/Community Relations for the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in Washington, returned this month to his job with the Guard after a six-month tour with the Army's Forces Command Center as an "action type" whose primary responsibility was implementing Garden Plot contingency plans.) He denied any connection between Cable Splicer and Garden Plot, between the governor's orientation conference and the war games, between the Army and Cable Splicer—although he conceded that the Army donated some money ($95 million of the California National Guard's $100 million budget last year) and that Cable Splicer was run as a National Guard training exercise.

The cover-up continues.

police and police from other cities are called in. Previous intelligence reports have proved prophetic, but within the next few hours "two distinct and conflicting intelligence reports develop." The players decide that the first, which indicates "widespread support for general insurrection," is "unreliable and invalid." They rely on the second one, which identifies "limited but violent activity planned and executed by a relatively few individuals with virtually no popular support." There are soon reports of "scattered incidents of guerrilla activity."

As Phase III opens, intelligence reports pouring into the Emergency Operations Center disclose more firebombings, attempted assassinations of public officials, hoarding of water in certain areas and sniping at fire trucks. The streets remain filled with thousands of people, and the National Guard is called to active duty. Intelligence notes that the "crowds [are] not violent yet and should be dispersed before becoming sympathetic to guerrillas." But the police and National Guard aren't quick enough. Reports soon come in of window-smashing and looting. The crowds are now violent, and as Phase III ends the Guard is unable to deal with the riots.

What happens next is unclear. The scenario possessed by *New Times* says only, "It is now 96 hours later," followed by these cryptic entries: "Situation well under control. No major incidents last 24 hours. Intelligence: remaining loose militants cannot get support for further violence."

How has order been restored? We can only guess. It is known that during this period the U.S. Army is called in to bail out the National Guard. At their disposal, according to the game plan, there are heavy artillery, armor, chemical and psychological warfare teams and tactical air support. "Complete coverage day and night" is offered by observation helicopters coordinated with ground patrols. To impress the populace, armored vehicles and "saturation of areas with police and military patrols" are two recommended tactics. Cable Splicer players are instructed to "evacuate civilians to preclude their interference with operation and/or to insure their safety." They are also coached in techniques of emergency relief supply, temporary shelters "for civilians whose homes have been destroyed," collection of privately owned weapons and other techniques useful for the rule of war-torn provinces.

Do the police detain radical leaders, leaving only some "remaining loose militants"? How do they extract the militants from the thousands of less committed supporters? At last the Military Intelligence domestic surveillance program begins to make some sense. In the winter of 1967-8, as Garden Plot and subplans such as Cable Splicer were developed, Military Intelligence sent domestic operatives countrywide to organize political intelligence units, compiling data eventually stored in the Pentagon domestic war room computer. Was that information the basis for the "hypothetical" war games? In the exercise directive's "security guidance" paragraph is the following order: "Names of real militant or dissident organizations will not be used. For development of problem play, fictitious names will be used." Are the directors of this secret military project worried about slander lawsuits? Or are they simply notifying local forces not to draw on the police or military intelligence lists of "real militant or dissident organizations?"

There are other questions surrounding these mysterious 96 hours. How can such military sweeps be justified legally short of a declaration of martial law? Cable Splicer scenarios provide for "an orderly progression from state to federal control." Perhaps it is not accidental that "martial rule" is the first subject discussed in a special training course on "Legal Aspects of Managing Civil Disorders" that is taught at the California National Guard's training academy. An offshoot of one of the five prongs in the Army task force's original report on civil disorder, this course for senior officers fits with Cable Splicer.

The Senior Officers Civil Disturbance Course (SEADOC) was established at the Military Police Academy at Fort Gordon, Georgia (recently transferred to Fort McClellan, Alabama), to train high military and civil officers. Using identical language, the After Action reports for both Cable Splicer II and the later Cable Splicer III call for the creation of another school, offering a "long range training program" to provide "exchange of law enforcement officers and military officers" with the goal of establishing "a nucleus of officers (both law enforcement and military) at every level of government who were conversant with the doctrine, tactics, of each other." Their prayer was answered by the creation in May 1971 of the California Specialized Training Institute.

The Civil Emergency Management Course Manual at the San Luis Obispo school is a virtual handbook for the counterrevolution. Examining the motives behind "revolutionary activity," the manual author finds the causes legit-

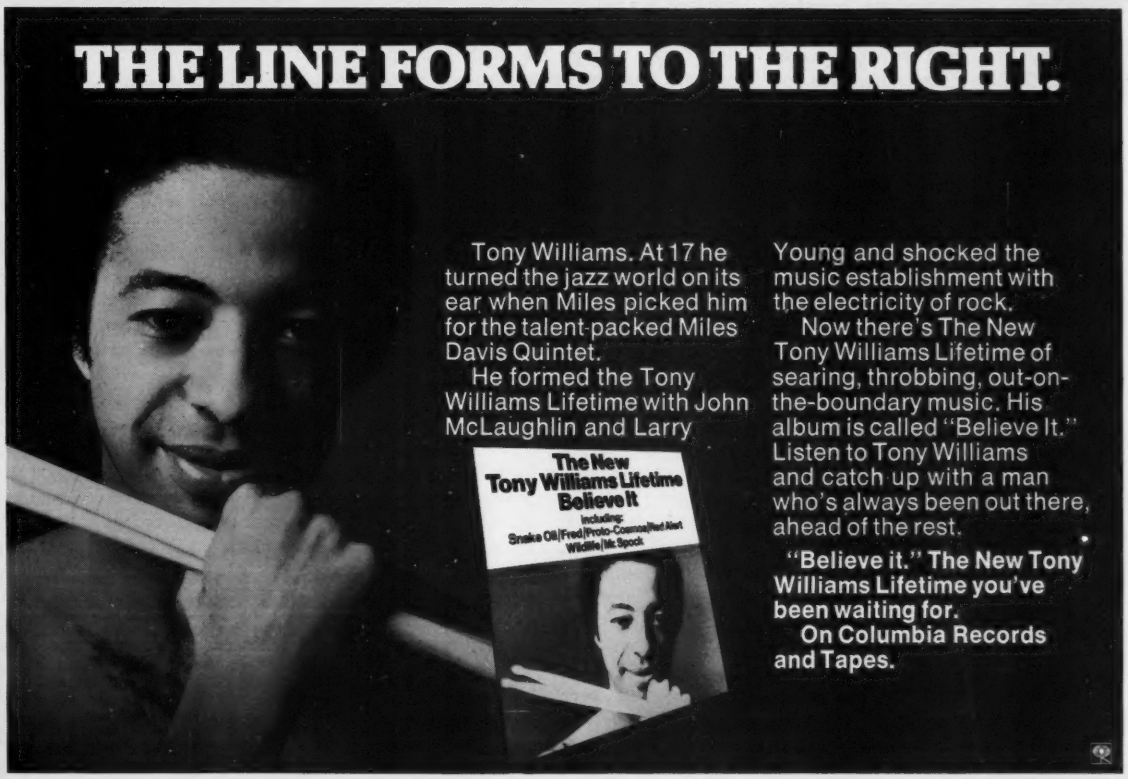
imate, the frustration often well-justified, the "revolutionaries" basically sincere. That is exactly why the threat is so dangerous. The manual and the course describe how that threat should be met. The methods? Press manipulation, computerized radical spotting, logistical support from other agencies, martial rule. Three days of preparation lead up to a day-long game, Cable Splicer-style, based on a hypothetical riot in the mythical town of Santa Luisa. After seven hours of war, there is a critique and another work session. A last day is highlighted by discussions of "reduced lethality weapons" and student movement infiltrators.

Between September 1971 and May 1975, 4,063 officials of the National Guard, the Army, local police forces, fire services, city government, courts, legislatures, utilities, prisons and private corporations attended this course in San Luis Obispo. They are the "nucleus of officers . . . at every level of government" called for in the Cable Splicer II and the Cable Splicer III After Action reports. They came from nearly every state west of the Mississippi and some east.Other officials, mostly from the East, take a very similar course given by SEADOC in Fort Gordon. And the teaching continues. Last September was the beginning of a new academic year in San Luis Obispo, the start of the first of 17 one-week Civil Emergency Management courses.

The San Luis Obispo school teaches soldiers as well as commanders. The most well-known alumni of this and similar programs are the law officers who systematically slaughtered the Symbionese Liberation Army cohorts of Patricia Hearst. That televised massacre occurred only six months after the November 1973 graduation of the first 40 students at the San Luis Obispo special weapons and tactics (SWAT) program. SWAT teams are the Green Berets of the ghettos. "If you know about LURP [Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol teams, the 'regular' Army version of the Green Berets]," says Commandant Louis O. Guiffrida, "then you know what SWAT is, adapted of course to domestic needs in an urban setting." Like LURP teams, SWAT teams consist of five men, including a sniper, a shotgun man, an automatic weapons man, a scout and a team leader. One California police official, begging anonymity, called them "the outlaws of the police." They are urban guerrillas. At San Luis Obispo, the name SWAT, with its unpleasant connotations, has been replaced by the more antiseptic SERT (Special Emergency Reaction Teams). SERT officers are the triggermen, the enforcers, for their higher-level colleagues who study at the same academy. They are taught not only how to act on the streets but how to defend their actions in a courtroom.For instance,SERT trainees are read two examples of testimony by a police officer who has choked a prisoner. The first explanation makes the act defensible, the other leaves the officer culpable.

It is not publicly known how many SWATmen have been trained since the various Garden Plot subplans created a pressing need for them. Over 1,400, including campus and utility company security police, have been instructed at the San Luis Obispo academy since November 1973. Another 15 or more classes of at least 50 students each are scheduled for the current academic year. In addition, the FBI has coached officers from at least 450 police departments across the country. In Los Angeles County alone, criminal justice authorities plan to train 10,000 police in a variation of SWAT (Disturbance and Riot Training) by 1977.

The Pentagon and California State officials all deny any connection between SEADOC in Fort Gordon, Georgia, and the San Luis Obispo academy. The facts contradict them. At the Cable Splicer III After Action conference, talking not to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the hostile press but to a sympathetic audience, Col. Anthony L. Palumbo promised that the forthcoming California academy at San Luis Obispo would "duplicate" Fort Gordon's SEADOC facility. That was in late spring 1970. A year later, the staff of the California Specialized Training Institute at San Luis Obispo had assembled under Commandant Louis O. Guiffrida, a 30-year Army veteran who retired as a full colonel in the Military Police Academy at Fort Gordon to take his new job. Robert L. Wyngard, a SEADOC instructor, accompanied Guiffrida to San Luis Obispo as the director of instruction. No wonder the courses at the two academies are so similar. Another explanation for the similarity is their shared source of funding: The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration bankrolled SEADOC's expansion in May 1971 and planted a $425,000 seed in San Luis Obispo.

Thumbing through the pages of Cable Splicer last summer, Congressman Clair Burgener (R-Calif.) shakes his head in disbelief. Burgener is a staunch conservative who attended Governor Reagan's Cable Splicer II kickoff conference over six years earlier. He has never heard of Cable Splicer. "I've read *Seven Days in May* and all those scare books, and. . . ." He hesitates, searching for words. "And they're *scary!*" He never knew that the brief public relations luncheon he barely remembers was connected to a series of military-police war games. "If this was going on in this spirit," he says, "they were certainly pulling the wool over the eyes of the invited guests." He reads for half an hour and then leans back in his chair. "Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaims. "*This* is what I call subversive."

In the office of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, chaired by Senator John Tunney since Ervin's retirement last year, chief counsel Doug Lee devotes over four hours to the three big loose-leaf binders. First he chuckles occasionally, and then his chuckles turn to giggles of amazement. "Incredible," he mutters again and again. "Unbelievable." Giggle. "These guys are crazy!" Giggle. "We're the enemy! This is civil war they're talking about here. Half the country has been designated as the enemy." And in another Senate office, Britt Snider, who worked for Ervin on Military Intelligence and is now with Senator Frank Church's Select Committee on Intelligence, thumbs through the papers and observes, "If there ever was a model for a takeover, this is it."

It is hardly remarkable that government officials developed methods of dealing with the disorders that rocked the nation for almost a decade. What is shocking is the secrecy of the program, the deliberate and continuing cover-up, the disregard of the careful restraints on the military that are fundamental to democratic society, and the rabidly reactionary quality of the organization's leader. "We are in a revolution," California Chief Deputy Attorney General Charles O'Brien told his Cable Splicer III audience in May 1970. "Here in this room today," chipped in prosecutor Buck Compton, "we have at least a nucleus of people who should be able to, in some measure, contribute to the counter-revolution." In his opening address, Glenn C. Ames, Commanding General of the California National Guard, told the throng, "The avowed mission of these anarchists and revolutionaries is to bring America to its knees, to destroy our present system of government, to defeat 'the establishment' at every turn, and to replace this with absolutely nothing but irresponsibility, a drug culture, and permissiveness." The "one thing" everyone in the room had in common, declared John A. McAllister of the L.A. police, to the crowd of military officers, policemen, civilian officials and business executives, "is that we recognize that the nation is involved in a revolution."

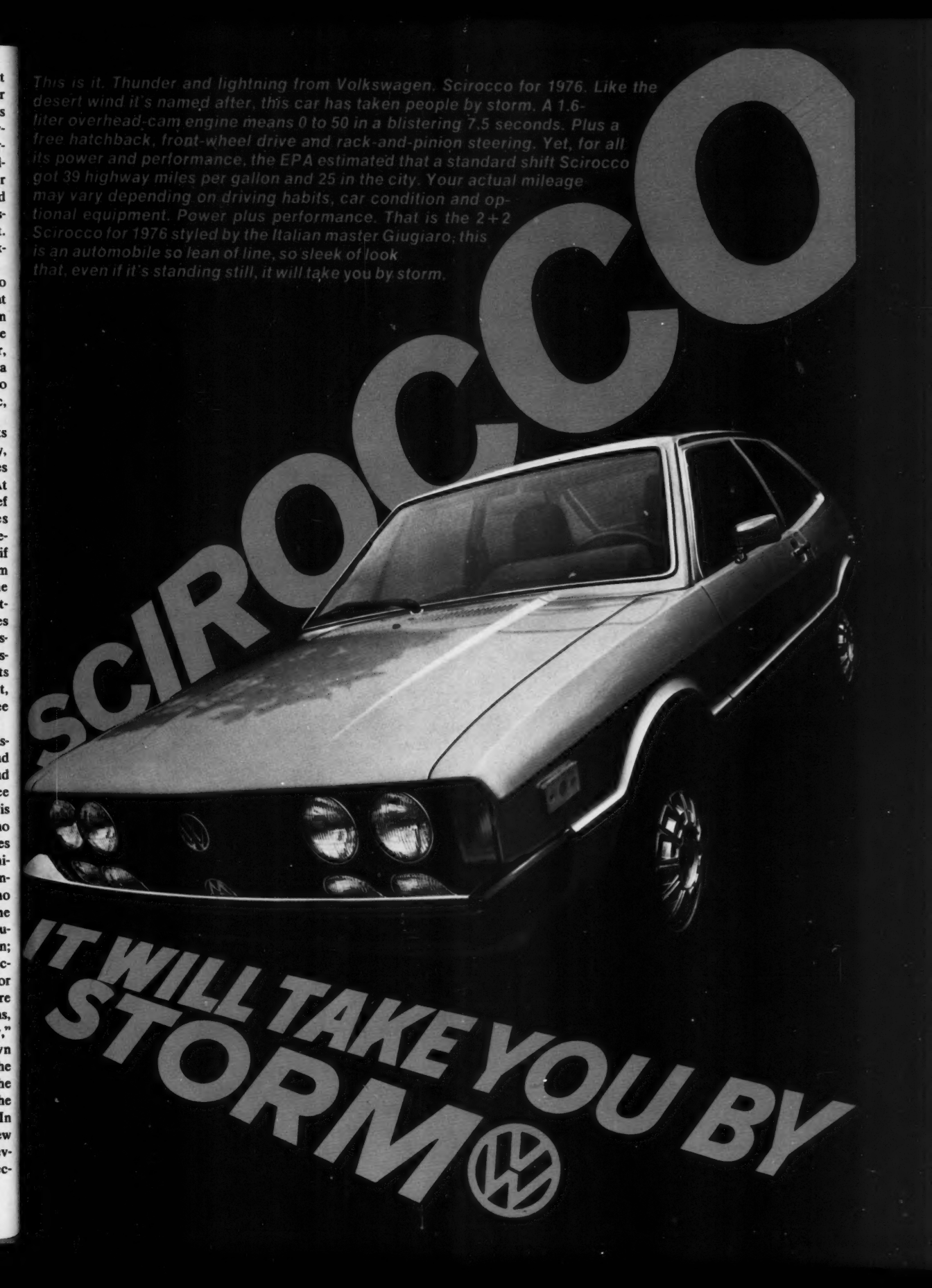
Documents for Cable Splicer continue only through the sixth and apparently final session on December 16, 1972, and Cable Splicer covers only four Western states. But Brig. Gen. J. L. Jelinek, senior Army officer in the Pentagon's National Guard Bureau, said last July that he knows of "no state that didn't have some form of this [civil disturbance control] exercise within the last year" under different code names. Although the Army claims to have de-emphasized the program recently, there is strong evidence that they have merely decentralized it. Every National Guard headquarters now has an Emergency Operations Center, says Colonel Zane Kortum, recently retired deputy director of the Pentagon Directorate. Each EOC boasts a full-time staff using multiple lines of communication to the Pentagon's domestic war room, with access to the computerized intelligence systems. The Army told Senator Ervin that it destroyed those records, but now, apparently contradicting Einstein's law of the conservation of matter, these intelligence files have recently been discovered in the Pentagon's cavernous underground computer facilities at Mount Weather, W.Va.

The Cable Splicer III conference met just three weeks after National Guard troops shot and killed students at Kent State and Jackson State. A year later, other law enforcement officers staged mass sweeping arrests at the May-day demonstrations in Washington, arrests that have recently been declared illegal. How are these and scores of other police actions related to Garden Plot and subplans like Cable Splicer? Congressional investigators are looking into it. Another unanswered question is the extent of White House involvement.

Bob Brower, a staff assistant to Congressman Ron Dellums, believes that some acts contemplated under Garden Plot scenarios may be violations of the law. The program's greatest danger, Brower says, is that it creates "a mechanism that could easily be used to abridge civilian, or at least democratic, control of the government."

The generals and their cohorts talk a great deal about constitutionality, but their version of the Constitution does not seem to include the Bill of Rights. At the Cable Splicer II conference, Chief Deputy Attorney General Charles O'Brien attacks the First Amendment repeatedly, arguing at one point that if the Constitution prevents the police from gathering political intelligence, then the Constitution goes too far. Deputy Attorney General Buck Compton declares that "free speech, civil rights, rights to assembly" have all become "cliches." "Dissidents and revolutionaries," he points out, "go beyond . . . honest dissent, honest and proper use of the right of free speech."

The concept of "dishonest dissent" is crucial to Cable Splicer and Garden Plot. This is a revolution, and anything goes. "A civil disturbance anywhere in this state," says O'Brien, "is an attack on the state itself." Anyone who attacks the state, even verbally, becomes a revolutionary and an enemy, by definition. Speakers at Cable Splicer III condemned university administrators who demur at giving the police free rein on the campuses; parents of "would-be revolutionaries" who support their children; and legislators who investigate police actions. But their real venom is reserved for the demonstrators. These "guerrillas" are "enemies of society," "vandals, visigoths, and huns of the twentieth century," "modern day barbarians," "Brown Shirts," "kooks" and "VC." They are the enemy, and they will be destroyed. The streets may be quiet these days, but the Pentagon will not be caught napping. In communities across the country, a new generation of enforcers waits for the revolution that they have been taught to recognize and trained to crush. ●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SCIROCCO
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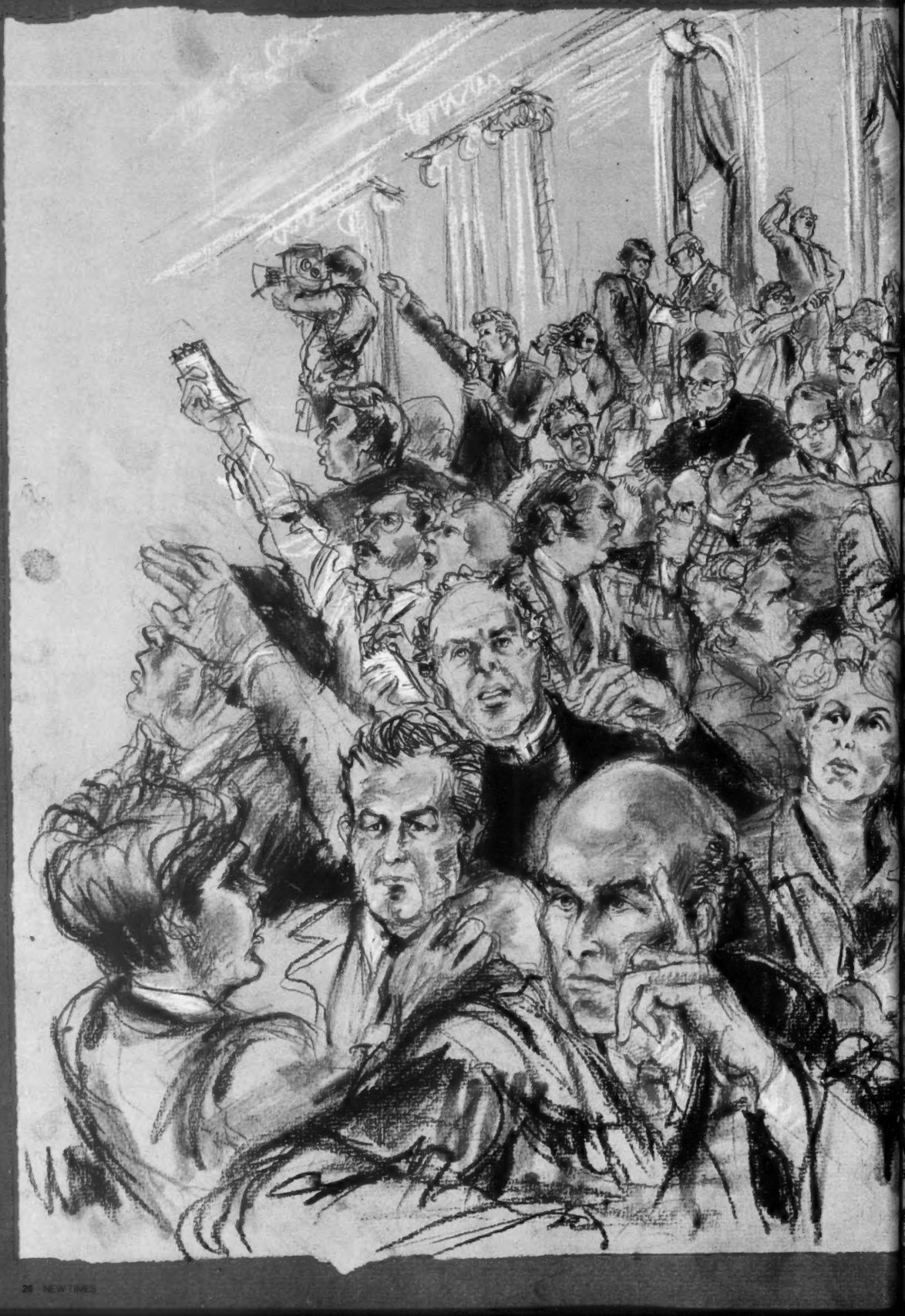

ILLUSTRATION BY MARILYN CHUPKA

BLUES FOR KAREN ANNE

By Robert Ward

Lawyers, doctors, reporters and voyeurs converged on a New Jersey courtroom last month to debate the right of a 21-year-old woman in a "persistent vegetative state" to die in peace. They made one family's tragedy into a circus

Karen Anne Quinlan has been dying for six months now. Or at least she has been trying to. She is in a coma in a New Jersey hospital, unable to function, her heartbeat sustained by a respirator. But people just won't let her die. Instead, they have made one family's agony an American drama, an ethical battle couched in legal terms—probably the biggest such case since the Scopes monkey trial. Every moral, philosophical, hypnagogical and religious contradiction of our tortured society is at issue. Life vs. death. Man vs. machine. Privacy vs. the state's octopus arms. The church vs. the cold steel and rubber tubes of our transistorized lives.

It seemed to me that the real danger in covering the Quinlan story would not be in understanding the complex legal and moral issues (though that would be difficult enough, to be sure) but in penetrating the thick layer of glossy

goo that hung like a mucus membrane over the entire proceedings. After having read everything there was to read, seen all there was to see, would one have any idea of the real quality of the entire hearing and, more important, of the principles in the case? In short, if one of the central issues in Karen Quinlan's very real tragedy was the quality of her current life, then whether she would be allowed to "die with dignity" (as her parents and priest put it) or be kept alive in a "persistent vegetative state" (as doctors described her condition) would have as much to do with the quality of the men who were arguing for her, judging her condition and even reporting the story, as it would with all the so-called absolute rules of law.

By the time I finally arrived in Morristown, New Jersey, I already felt pumped full of the sour blood of that most modern of diseases, media overkill. From reading about the trial, I had the sense that there were no real men and women involved at all, only a plethora of stock characters sent from some heavenly 1940s central casting office. There was, first of all, Karen, who was described as both a saint and a crazy mixed-up kid. There were her adoptive parents, the Quinlans, who were cast as pure courage and purer goodness. There was Paul Armstrong, their young Catholic attorney, who was working for free and who was, according to one writer, "the most charismatic lawyer since Jimmy Stewart in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.*" And, to round out the Quinlans' side, there was Father Trapasso, who had described himself as "a humble parish priest." My God, shades of Barry Fitzgerald! The adversary side was just as predictable. The cynical but sensitive street-smart-wise-guy local lawyer, Daniel Coburn, who was Karen's state-appointed legal guardian. The tough, practical, Harvard-trained Donald Collester Jr. (Morris County prosecutor) and attorney Ralph Porzio, known as Mister Malpractice in Morris County, who was defending the doctors (Drs. Morse and Javed) who had refused to terminate the use of the respirator. And finally, there was the press itself (the press shall always be with us), with its own cast of characters, cynical wise guys, drunks with hearts of gold, etc., ad nauseam.

Heather Has a Problem

As I trod up the leaf-covered steps of the courthouse, I saw a good-looking woman of about 26 dressed in a black-and-white hacking jacket and tight-fitting corduroy pants. Her hair was cut in a shag, and her lips were small, red and fierce. She stood in front of a man with a large camera on his shoulder. He stooped and trained the eye at her, and she began to speak into the mike. The woman was Heather Bernard of News Center 4. I came up behind a crowd of people and watched as Heather's lips moved. The microphone was only one inch away from her red lips, which were moving, turning, in a chewing motion. But nothing was delivered. Heather's mike was out of sync, and in that split second, while her mouth chewed on, soundlessly, she was transformed into a grotesque parody of herself. I thought instantly, and perhaps a little sheepishly, of the analogy in the Karen Quinlan case. As long as Heather's mike worked, she was more, much more, than a mere reporter doing her job. She was equipped with the talisman of the Age of Electronics and of Gadgetry. Nature itself was captured and held in her hand. We watched her there, not for what she had to say (a 30-second paraphrase of the entire morning's court proceedings), but for the power that was invested in her by her camera, her microphone and the whole paraphernalia of the culture. Yet, suddenly, the mike had gone dead, and with it her power. I watched her cool, made-up face crumble a bit as she fumbled with the mike, and I, along with half of the crowd, drifted away. The technology had turned against Heather, but in a moment she and her cameraman would straighten it out. No one was taking her to court over the problem; it was just an annoying inconvenience. In the case of Karen Anne Quinlan, however, the grotesque power of the technology was far more ironic, a twist that caused the Quinlan family unimaginable pain, and that might cause the rest of us to stop and look at just where our new technology is taking us, and at what terrible cost.

"The respirator is the minimum we have to sustain life, and that is what we, as doctors, are supposed to do"

The Parade of Experts

Expertise! Scientific expertise! How often during the Quinlan case did those magical terms cast their spell over the room.

Coburn to an Expert: "And how many degrees do you have, sir?"

The Expert: "I have graduated from Harvard Medical School. I practiced for three years' time at Johns Hopkins Hospital, etc., etc. I have published several papers on neurology. I am familiar with the Harvard Ad Hoc Committee's Report on Brain Death . . . ."

After the litany of achievement comes the description (over and over—and how did the Quinlans stand it?) of Karen Anne Quinlan today:

Dr. Julius Korein: "Eyes closed, she was emaciated; there was flexion in her elbows, wrists, fingers, all flexed toward her chest, her knees were pulled up to the chest, but I would not call it the fetal position—her feet were pulled down as though they might be in a ballet position."

(During this description, Mrs. Julia Quinlan rushed from the room, tears streaking down her face.)

Dr. Fred Plum, professor of neurology at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, testifies that Karen Quinlan "has no sapient activity" and, when pressed, explains cooly, in the most "expert" manner imaginable, that "sapient" is as in "homo sapien," which means "perceptive intelligence as opposed to the primitive vegetative state."

Dr. Sidney Diamond, of Mt. Sinai Hospital, apologizes to the Quinlans before describing Karen's condition. "I'm sorry if what I have to say causes you distress." He then goes on to describe Karen Quinlan as a person "who has lost all human qualities." Furthermore, "her physical condition is almost too grotesque to describe." Her arms and legs are frozen in flexion toward her chest, and her muscles have atrophied and withered away from lack of use. He relates how her eyes opened occasionally while he probed and pricked her with needles to see if there were any motor responses left. And when her eyes did open, "they roamed randomly, moving independently of one another." When asked about her brain waves, Diamond said, in a low voice, that "her brain waves were unlike any other animal or infant I have ever seen."

(As he spoke, I watched the Quinlans' own eyes, locked straight ahead, perhaps staring at the gigantic reproduction of the brain, which sat on a table just behind the witness stand, and which cast an eerie, sci-fi pall over the entire proceedings.)

The voices of the experts were, for the most part, cool and clinical. They

somehow seemed removed from human passion. Only Sidney Diamond had shown some sensitivity to the Quinlans, and if he had been unwilling to go as far as Dr. Korein, who obviously wanted to get Karen off the respirator, he did at least seem concerned, and, what was more interesting and appealing, he seemed uncertain of his position. After he left the stand, I approached him for an explanation of the coolness and detachment of the others. I found him out in the hall, just outside the courtroom.

"You stated in the court that Karen Anne Quinlan is the most pathetic creature you've ever seen," I said, "and yet you insisted finally that she receive the respirator, that leaving her on it was *not* extraordinary means. Pardon me, but I honestly don't understand that position."

"I can only say that the respirator is the minimum we have to sustain life, and that is what we, as doctors, are supposed to do."

"Well, then," I asked, "what would 'extraordinary means' be in such a case?"

"Well, if she hemorrhaged, it would be very unlikely anyone would give her a blood transfusion. That *would* be extraordinary means, as would major surgery."

"Come on, Dr. Diamond," I said. "You are telling me that the machine on a person, not even a person, what has literally been described as a vegetable, is not extraordinary . . . but a blood transfusion is. How can you make such distinctions?"

"The blood transfusion would be extraordinary because blood is precious, and therefore it would be extraordinary to use it on someone in a persistent vegetative state. . . ."

"Dr. Diamond," I asked, "is Karen Anne Quinlan in pain?"

His face grew longer, and his mustache seemed to droop toward his collar.

"There is no way of knowing. . . . God, these cases are so awful. . . ."

"But, sir, they testified in there . . . you yourself testified that she gives out these cries. One would naturally assume she is in pain."

"It might not be pain," he said. "It might be the passage of air being mechanically forced from the stomach out of the throat. A mere motor response. But you know what is so awful about it?"

"What's that?" I said.

"What's so awful is that sometimes the parents are standing there when the comatose person lets out one of the cries, and . . . I've heard it myself. . . . It sounds as though the person is saying

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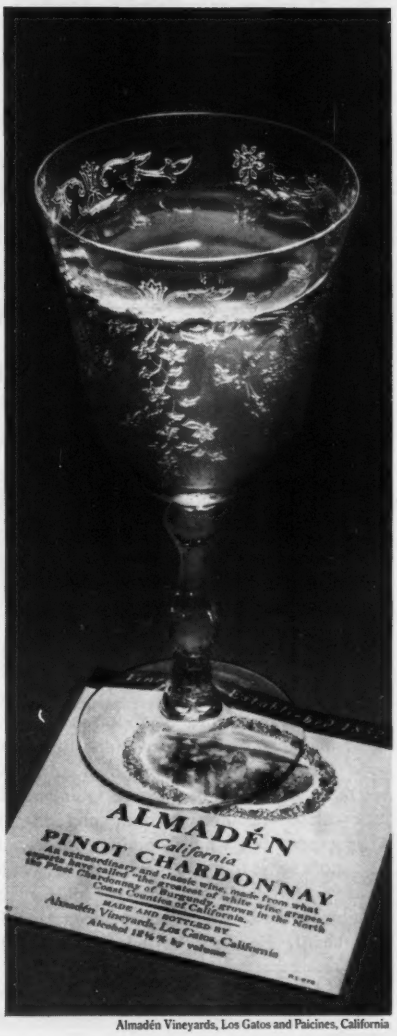

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'Mama ' or 'Daddy.' It's terrible when that happens."

The Judge Stays Home

Judge Robert Muir Jr. is a tall, balding 43-year-old man who is described by the local press as "thorough and precise." He is the father of three children—Beth, 9, Robert, 11, and Allison, 13. He is well thought of in the community and is an elder in the Presbyterian church in Mendham. His rise through the judicial circuit has been rapid and convincing. In 1971 he was appointed to the county court. In 1975 he is chancery judge for Morris, Warren and Sussex counties.

On October 22, 1975, Judge Muir refused to go to St. Clare's Hospital in Denville, New Jersey, to view the emaciated condition of Karen Anne Quinlan. His reasons, as stated in court, were as follows:

"I am just an ordinary human being with ordinary thoughts and with ordinary emotions. My position is that I cannot decide a case on emotion."

One reporter argued that the judge had already sold out the case by waiting so long to start the hearing in the first place, in hopes that Karen Quinlan might die and get everyone off the hook, and while I did not want to believe such cynical speculations, here, on October 22, was a case of either moral cowardice or sheer plodmanship. That is, the judge was either terrified of his emotions, terrified that he might not be able to contain them, once they began to leak out of his carefully constructed little ship of reason, or he was merely a dunce. For who could believe that a man could judge a case so fraught with emotions, so terrifying in all its implications, without letting his own emotions, his own terror and his own juices wash up in his throat a little? "I cannot decide a case on emotion." One might argue, I thought, for a mistrial on the absurdity of that statement alone.

Annie King

I had spent the afternoon at the court and then had a quick dinner at a good local bar named T.J. Symond's, where I talked over the Karen Quinlan case with some people who didn't pretend to be experts but whose opinions made a lot more sense to me than what I'd been hearing. One was a guy named Child, a long-haired freak with a small mustache and beard. He kept saying, "I can't believe they'd let anybody suffer like that," and for all I'd heard about the "dangers of the precedents" I couldn't have agreed with him more.

"What kind of name is Child?" I asked, staring gloomily down at my notes.

The barmaid, a beautiful woman named Denise, smiled and said: "His named used to be Wild Child, but he's calmed down a lot."

Though the joke was far from funny, I found myself laughing loud and long, and I knew I'd begun to embody all the suppressed hysteria that lay behind the case.

"I am just an ordinary human being with ordinary thoughts and ordinary emotions," said Judge Muir. "My position is that I cannot decide a case on emotions"

I said goodbye to my friends in T.J.'s and started out Route 202, north toward Route 10. Annie King was the person I was supposed to meet, a girlfriend of Karen's at Morris Catholic High School. I had spoken to her the night before on the phone, and she had been very upset about some articles in the *New York Times* that mentioned Karen's pill popping and "self-destructive" urges. She had agreed to meet me but said she wanted a "positive picture" of Karen.

I arrived at the Ledgewood Holiday Inn, where Annie worked as a waitress, shortly after 11:00, and waited for her to finish cleaning up her tables. She was short, had black hair piled up above her head and was very pretty but looked rather made-up, what we used to call "straight." She wore her waitress uniform and sat down across from me. She began wringing her hands.

"God, the calls I've been getting," she said. "The *Newsweek* woman came down here and called me from three miles down the road. She said that she had heard all this stuff about Karen . . . you know the stuff that's going around . . . and all she wanted me to do was verify it. I told her, 'Do you think I would verify that kind of stuff even if I knew?' God, why don't they leave her alone?"

"I don't want to publish anything to hurt Karen," I said. "But it's important to know the truth. For example, all the medical evidence has shown there was a time lag between when Karen ingested the drugs she took, or whatever it was, and the medical examination, and nobody came forward to tell the doctors what she had taken. The truth is, no one can make a really adequate prognosis without that kind of evidence."

Annie King looked straight at me and took a deep breath. She looked as though she were going to say something, but then she rubbed her face and looked down at the table.

"She was such a great girl," she said, "a leader. She would do anything . . . don't write that . . . I don't mean she would do anything . . . I mean she would do anything for fun, man, you know? Like in school we would get caught smoking in the lavatory, and the sisters would make us come to school every Saturday and scrape the gum off the lavatory walls.

"She was a really nice person . . . a tomboy. I was too. We'd rather go out with the girls than have dates . . . no, don't write that . . . they'll make something of that too. You know what I mean. God, everything you say sounds horrible. I mean, it wasn't what Karen was like. She had to be trying new things. She was an exciting person, so much fun. Like she had never gotten drunk before, so one day she just got a whole bottle of red wine and while waiting for the school bus she drank the whole thing and went to school bombed. That's how she was. She wouldn't have even touched alcohol, but when she made up her mind, then she went, you know, all the way . . . maybe you shouldn't write that."

Annie King put her head in her hands and shook it back and forth. She started to cry a little.

"Have you been to see her?" I asked.

Annie looked at me and shook her head.

"Yeah, I went in July and August . . . maybe it was June . . . I'm not sure.

"Oh God, it was so terrible," Annie said, holding both her shoulders. "I went up there . . . I knew she was in a coma, man, and I knew it was pretty bad, but I had no idea what she looked like. I mean, I thought she would look the same . . . like Karen, but only asleep . . . and

---

Robert Ward last reported for NEW TIMES *on a Baltimore ambulance chaser.*

so I went right into the Intensive Care Unit, and the door was open, and there was this . . . oh God. . . ."

Annie King started to cry. The tears streamed down her face, and she was breathing hard. She reached for a napkin and dabbed her eyes.

"I was standing right by the door, and there was this . . . God . . . it didn't even look human . . . lying there in bed . . . and there was a nurse there, doing something, with her back to me, and so I was thinking, God, that poor person is really sick, and I said to the nurse, 'Excuse me, could you tell me where Karen Quinlan is? I'm a good friend of hers and I want to see her.' And the nurse just pointed at the . . . person . . . in the bed and said, 'That's her,' and I just felt like I was in a daze, man. I walked over to the bed, and I saw her there. Her eyes were open, but her hands, oh God . . . and her . . . I started praying, and I took her hand and kept saying, 'Karen, Karen, it's me . . . it's Annie.' Oh, my God. . . ."

The tears were coming down her face now, and she was shaking. After a few minutes, Annie composed herself.

"What about drugs?" I asked.

"I don't know. They say she tried to kill herself, because of all kinds of reasons, some really sordid ones . . . and some just because she was depressed because she was adopted. I mean that's ridiculous. There were never nicer people than the Quinlans. Of course, Karen was going through some changes, man, but everybody does. So she had a pill or two to get high. Who doesn't? But she wasn't a drug addict."

By the time I had finished talking to Annie King, a picture of Karen Quinlan had emerged, one I had known before in so many of my own friends, one of whom had died from heroin. The straight girl who "breaks bad," as they used to say in Baltimore. I had been that kind of boy myself, and so had a number of others, and driving back I felt a close, frightening kinship with Karen Quinlan.

When I got back to the Holiday Inn, I walked straight across the room to my Zenith color television set. I needed some old movie to wash over me, to let me have a brief respite from so much pain. The sound came on first, a kind of metallic clinking noise, and then the picture popped on the tube. The camera traced a cold steel room and two men, dressed in brown uniforms. They were cutting wires and adjusting steel dials and putting large, white egg-shaped pellets into a handkerchief, which they then tied off with a brass ring. I recognized the picture then, and my whole body went cold, and I felt as though I were going to

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scream myself. It was Susan Hayward in *I Want To Live.*

Ralph Porzio

It was generally agreed by everyone I talked to that the leading lawyer in the case was Ralph Porzio. Porzio, a man in his late fifties, strongly resembles a cartoon character named Mister Magoo. He has a round head, a rather scrunched-up face and a curiously strange smile, which seems to simultaneously suggest both innocence and slyness. It was Porzio who spoke, in the pretrial hearing, of "the execution of Karen Quinlan," of a "holocaust" and of "a society that could go mad." It was Porzio, throughout the trial, who seemed to be the most afraid of the precedent the case might set.

A reporter from a European newspaper and I spoke to Mr. Porzio on the next to last day of the trial. All the doctors had just testified that Karen Quinlan was not brain dead, and things were looking ragged for the Quinlans. Porzio is a fast-stepping man, and as we made our way down to his office on the town square in Morristown, he spoke of his own contributions concerning the field of transplants and brain death.

"It's interesting, you see," he said, "that I foretold all these things in my book, *The Transplant Years.* Perhaps you've heard of it."

"Oh yes, sir, I have," the reporter said, shooting me a look.

His statement was technically true. We'd both just heard of it 15 minutes before because it had been mentioned in a *Daily News* press release.

"Well," said Mr. Porzio, "this is a problem I've been shouting about for years. It's the same for transplants. That is, how do we determine legal death? Karen Quinlan is unlucky enough not to be dead by the old standard of heart stopping and also not to be dead by the new standard of brain death. There's nothing more to say about that."

We climbed the steps behind him and went into his office. As we passed by his secretary, he took off his grey fedora with the red feather and tossed it on a rack.

"What exactly happened with the doctors?" I asked. "Why didn't they just let Karen die?"

"Well, they said they would think about it," he said. "But then they got an EEG reading and sensitivity to stimuli, and they called their old professor . . . and he told them not to go through with it. Dr. Morse is board-eligible in July, you know."

I wondered what that meant. Did Morse fear that letting Karen die might screw up his licensing?

The other reporter started to ask a question, but Mr. Porzio interrupted.

"As I've said before, it's all here in my book, *The Transplant Years.* Let me see if I have a copy here."

Moving briskly around his desk, Mr. Porzio looked into his file cabinet and got out a big envelope. He untied it and pulled out two copies of his book. Then he came back around to his side of the desk and asked our names.

"I'll give you an autographed copy," he said.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Porzio," the other reporter said. He looked at me and rolled his eyes. I shook my head. It didn't seem like such a preposterous act. Maybe the book was good. I got my copy and looked through it. It was published by Vantage Press, the outfit that is on the back of matchbooks across America. "Looking for Authors. Are You a Serious Writer?" My estimation of the local mythology concerning Mr. Porzio's

"We got a message from Karen," said Walker Wescott. "Her soul was reincarnated in our bodies"

genius was undergoing some testing.

Porzio stood up and took off his glasses.

"The American system of law," he said, "has been handed down from English common law. If Karen Quinlan is allowed to die, it will be the first legal execution in our history . . . the first time someone is executed in a civil suit. This is a court of equity we are in."

Before either of us could say much, Mr. Porzio had started telling us how to read *The Transplant Years.*

"Now, you've both heard the term 'Harvard Ad Hoc Committee on Brain Death.' Well, that's covered . . . write this down . . . on page 69 in my book. Other important features are on page 86. 'The Lag in Decisional Law,' that's where I mention the fact that our technology is way ahead of our law. Then, I also foretold this whole religious argument in my chapter 'Voices From Theology.' That's page 95 . . . write that down too. Here's a line on page 89 you might want to quote. . . ."

Several minutes later, Porzio was still talking. . . . "Think of the precedent it can set. No one doubts the Quinlans' sincerity, but think of all the people who have less noble motives . . . think of what might happen to our old people. If you use the quality of life argument, as they are doing, then you could have real trouble. Think of some old person who is a burden, and someone says their quality of life is low so why not let them die. And think of the Nazis, the holocaust, the experiments!"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Terrible, horrible! But how else can it be done? I mean isn't every case to be judged on its own merits? And what of Karen's statements about what she wanted to do in the event that something like this happened?" (Karen had been quoted as saying, "Never let me live like that, on a machine.")

Mr. Porzio shook his head and looked at me.

"That's irrelevant now. Think of the context in which it was said. She was a well and happy girl when she said it. It can't carry much weight now."

"Well," I said, losing heart a little, "what of the religious arguments?"

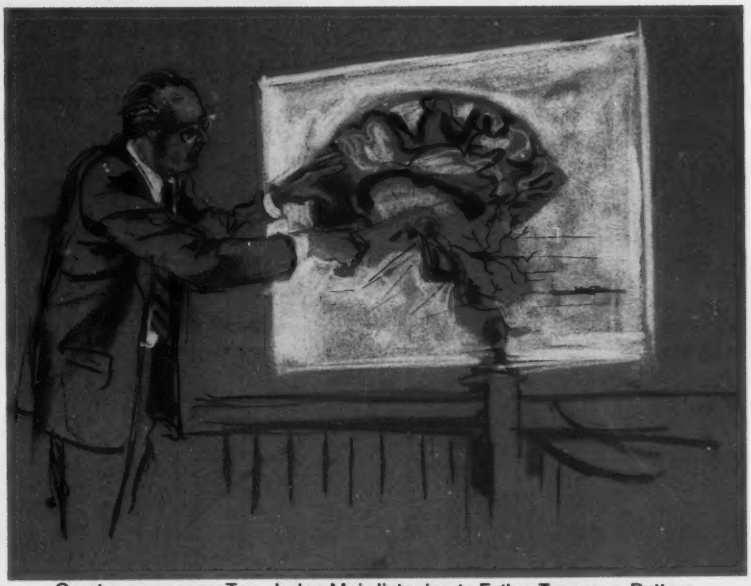
Mr. Porzio shook his head and gruffed up his jaws and eyebrows. "The law allows you to practice religious *beliefs,* but when it comes to life and death matters the state has the right, the duty, to protect life. No one has a right to die, no matter what his religion says. It's the law."

The Courtroom

There was a break in the day's proceedings for lunch. Karen Quinlan's court-appointed guardian, Daniel Coburn, a short, stocky, sideburned man of 32, held his own court for the reporters. He talked off the cuff, spontaneously, and seemed overjoyed to be in the limelight.

"Listen," Coburn said. "In New Jersey brain death is only a recent issue. It's not in the law. In the state of New Jersey it's the heart. 'Heart death' is the whole ball game. You could cut Karen Anne Quinlan's head off and put it in a museum and if her heart was still beating she'd be legally alive."

I was stunned a little by the tastelessness of what he said. In contrast to the Old Testament hoopla of Porzio, Coburn's language was slightly refreshing. But essentially it revealed, I think, a crude and somehow blunted personality. As I was leaving, I heard a black woman ask him: "Do you have any human feelings about this, or is everything you are saying just part of your adversary role?" Coburn answered, "Sure I've got emo-



Courtroom scenes: Top, Judge Muir listening to Father Trapasso. Bottom, one of a parade of experts discusses the working of the brain.

tions. You think I like going up there and seeing her? You think I need to see the Quinlans cry? But we've got to keep emotions, as much as possible, out of this." I looked at the black woman, who shook her head and said, "But that's exactly what the hell is wrong with the law."

St. Clare's

On Saturday, I drove to St. Clare's Hospital in Denville. I was not going to even try to get into the Intensive Care Unit to see Karen. I just wanted to get a feel for the scene at the hospital. Still, this had been a persistent nightmare of mine since I arrived in Morristown. During the entire trial, the town of Denville had taken on a symbolic terror for everyone.

I pulled into a Shell station in Denville, got out of my car and walked into the office, where three young guys were lounging around on chairs.

"Which way to St. Clare's Hospital?" I said.

For a few seconds no one said anything. One boy's head dropped; he looked as though he was holding back something terrible inside of him.

Finally, a young man with a scraggly beard got up from his window seat and approached.

"Go right down there until you come to a bridge, and turn right. You'll run right into the parking lot. You hear about the Karen Quinlan story?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh," he said, quietly. "There's all kinds of people down there. I wish they'd let us all alone."

I took the right where he told me and drove past the St. Francis Rest Home, which had a sign that said "Our Lady of the Sorrows."

I parked in front of St. Clare's and opened the car door. The rain was coming down harder now, and the hospital, all brown-stoned and high-rise, looked like some Gothic castle. Without having seen Karen, one could imagine her, a beautiful young girl, held prisoner there, and suddenly it occurred to me that that was the appeal to so many of the crazies and quacks and religious fanatics who had been coming to Denville. They were acting out the very primal myth of Western courtly love: saving the beautiful sleeping princess in the walled fortress.

I got out of the car and walked up to the hospital. As I walked through the swinging glass doors, Joseph Quinlan walked right by me. Behind him were two old people, a man and a woman. Unlike Annie King's tears, unlike the lawyer's businesslike legal eyes, the faces of the old people were so totally stricken with grief as to appear merely blank. I stopped in my tracks and watched Mr. Quinlan walk quickly down the driveway through the rain to the car. While he was gone, I stood there staring at the old people. They fidgeted and blinked and stared at me, and I tried to smile and ask them something but there was nothing to say. I knew they were Karen's grandparents, and it was clear from their faces that they could not talk. The old woman bit her lip and walked around in circles. She pulled her old black coat up over her neck, and her husband stood still with his hands at his sides, as if he had just dropped something invaluable but was simply too exhausted to reach down and retrieve it. In a second Mr. Quinlan came with his car, and when he reached over to open the door I stooped down and peered in at him.

"Mr. Quinlan, sir?" I said.

He looked at me and nodded. His eyes were red-veined and his face was unshaven and he seemed very small and drawn into himself, like a turtle in his shell.

"How are you, sir?" I said lamely.

"I'm okay, I guess," he said. His

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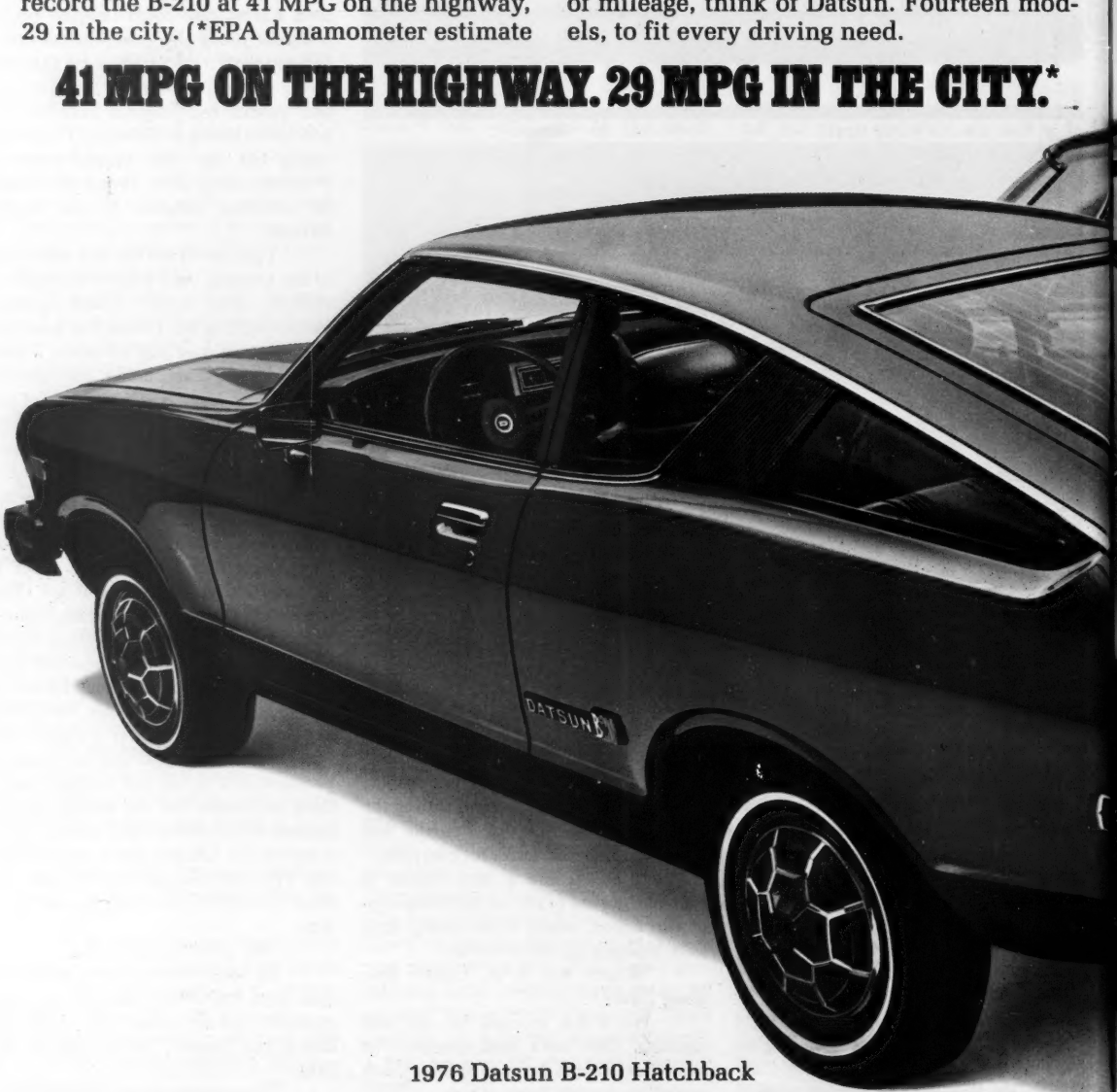

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voice was so small I could barely hear it. Next to him sat the grandmother and next to the window, the grandfather. They said nothing, did not acknowledge me at all, but sat as rigid as stone and stared directly ahead at the windshield wipers, which moved back and forth quickly with little squeaking noises.

"I'm so tired," Mr. Quinlan said. "I'm trying to relax."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I only want you to know . . . that I'm so sorry."

He nodded and bit his lower lip.

I was amazed at the lack of bitterness in his voice. He seemed to have put himself into a perfect state of mental remission. It was as though he had found the place where he could keep a foothold, had found the exact decibel level at which he could afford to speak, the exact economy of words and breath that would allow him to stay together. The grandparents hadn't moved, and they looked as though they were not breathing at all.

Before leaving the hospital, I checked in with the receptionist, Lauretta Bryant, who filled me in on another aspect of the case.

"I'm glad you're not a troublemaker," she said, squinching up her old face and giving me the once-over. "We've had over forty faith-healers in here just the past month. Why, twenty minutes before you got here there was a man from South Carolina who said he wanted to lay hands on Karen."

Mrs. Bryant's fellow worker, a tough-looking old woman with blue rinsed hair, concurred:

"Yeah, all kinds of nuts come in here. Was a boy from South Jersey. Said Jesus Christ had told him to come and rub holy water on Karen's body."

Mrs. Bryant nodded her head emphatically:

"I told him, I said, 'You go around talking like that, they will put you right in the nut house.' Can you imagine, Jesus Christ was speaking to him?"

The Psychics

Out on the front lawn of the Morris County Courthouse, Heather Bernard pushed a few people down the steps as she ran after Donald Collester. One cameraman slipped and fell into an azalea bush; another started cursing and looked as though he would have liked to strangle the newswoman.

I slipped away from the crowd and talked to two men holding $15,000 Arriflex cameras. The boys were from the CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Company) and explained that they were here to do a documentary.

"Everyone's here," said the big man, sagging a bit under the weight of the Arri. "There's Granada TV from London and there's some people from Brazil. When they told Father Trapasso that he was going to be seen by thirty million viewers he seemed to be really delighted.

"By the way," the CBC man said. "There's some people over there you ought to meet."

I looked across the grass at a small group of people. There was an older man, about 60, with a balding head surrounded by a curly fringe top. He wore baggy, pleated grey pants, scuffed up brogans, and his tie fell four inches above his belt. He looked very much like a mad professor out of one of the Walt Disney epics. Next to him was a young woman dressed in Sixties hippie robes and sandals, and behind them were three more men in their early thirties, all of whom had short hair and a strange violent gleam in their eyes.

I walked over and introduced myself. The older man did the talking.

"I am the Reverend Walker Wescott from Virginia Beach," he said. "This is my wife, Mrs. Wescott, and my associates."

He introduced the "associates," who all showed their teeth and nodded with much fervor.

"Now, what we are here for," said Walker Wescott, scratching his head fuzz, "is because we have been in direct touch with the soul of Karen Quinlan.

"Down at our home in Virginia Beach," continued Walker Wescott, "we got a message from Karen. Her soul was reincarnated right in our bodies."

"Would you say that you're more or less carrying her soul around with you right now?" I asked.

"That's right," said Walker Wescott.

I looked at his wife, whom I had assumed was his daughter, and the other flunkies. They were all smiling and nodding their heads.

"What does the soul say?" I asked.

"Karen says . . . that she is in a very lonely place, a place from which she is trying desperately to come back. Perhaps I shouldn't use the word 'desperate.' She's not desperate exactly. 'Cut off' would be better. Karen is cut off from the real world. She wants to come back. . . . What we do is incarnate a vibration from the person. It's projected into us."

"Have you ever done this for other coma victims?" a reporter asked.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Wescott. "We got a very strong vibration from Randell Carman, the boy from Ohio who was in the coma from the football accident."

"And what happened?"

"Well, in that unfortunate circumstance, we were . . . a day late. I mean, he died before we got there. Which makes it doubly important to see Karen. We know if we could just get in the room and hold Karen's hand in ours, then she would know that we were 'receivers,' and she would wake up."

"Would she get well?" I asked.

Karen Quinlan, as described at the trial: an emaciated shadow of a human being.

"Well, I'm not sure about that. But she would be awake and be able to appreciate her condition and could decide for herself if she wanted to live or not."

Father Trapasso

In the afternoon I drove out Route 80 toward Lake Hopatcong to see Father Trapasso, the Quinlans' priest.

I found him standing outside of his lovely, stone parish, Our Lady of the Lakes Church. He stood on the top step, his hands on his chin and his black robes moving slightly in the wet, cold breeze.

"I've come to see you," I said, "but perhaps this is not a good time?"

"No, this is fine. I was just thinking about it. Little Karen Quinlan, a girl I've known for so long," he said. "And now the Vatican is having this debate over her. Who would have thought it?"

The Father was referring to the account in the *New York Times,* which stated that two Vatican theologians were embroiled in a deep argument concerning the case.

"Come around back," the Father said. "The rectory is the last house on the road. We can talk there."

The rectory was a Tudor-style house, big and comfortable. I followed him out onto the porch and sat down. Father Trapasso was curly-haired, dark-skinned, and exuded a warmth and concern that was nearly palpable.

"How have the parishioners responded to the case?"

"You'd be amazed. We had a prayer session that lasted three or four hours, and over 400 people came. The parish council agreed to make a statement that they would support the Quinlans legally, morally and spiritually."

"How do you view the debate over 'extraordinary means?' "

"Well," the Father said. "I am not a doctor. But the truth is that nearly everything in her brain that should support her breathing and physical impulses is gone. The respirator is solely responsible for keeping her alive."

"Dr. Diamond argues that since that is the case, sir, then the respirator is not extraordinary at all. It's minimal."

Father Trapasso smiled and cupped his hands.

"From a purely physical point of view we are in agreement, but that's where the quality of life argument must come into play. The way I understand things . . . from my reading and my studying . . . all organic life from the day it begins has a tension between life and death. As life begins, life fulfillment and the life process are dominant. But as you get older . . . all of us . . . the death process takes over. I don't wish to sound simplistic, but it's as clear as the natural process in nature outside. Did you notice the trees changing color?

"It's natural that we live and we die. Now we have this marvelous technology which is able to expand the life process and temporarily place the death process in abeyance. But, of course, it can't do so forever . . . and if it can, at what cost? What we have here, in Karen's case, is the death process being extended. There is no meaning to it. Everyone agrees, all the experts, that she is never going to be really human again . . . and here I would define 'human' as self-conscious. That is, if a person is paralyzed, blind, even retarded, but he is still able to be somewhat self-conscious, still able to grow and have any measure of fulfillment, then he is able to have a decent, real quality of life. . . . I understand the dangers of the quality of life argument . . . it should be a personal choice. In this case the wishes of Karen's parents, her own wishes, should take precedence. The quality of life argument should not be used as a social tool."

"Look, this is America. What's being an American all about anyway? It's going down fighting. . . .As long as there's a chance of winning, you have to go with it"

What a difference between Trapasso and the legal minds. Finally, I thought, it was a difference in temperament. The ultimate irony was that the man of faith, Father Trapasso, seemed to have greater belief in the "reasonableness" of men than the rational man of law, Porzio, who harbored deep, primitive fears of man's "insanity." Everything in the Quinlan case was reversed; practically nothing could be taken at its surface value.

Guy Treadway

Guy Treadway, an intense, brown-haired young man with deep brown eyes, stood on the steps of the Morris County Courthouse. In his hand was a copy of a newspaper clipping printed the day before. Attached to the clipping by a staple was a broadside written by Guy Treadway himself. He handed me the clipping as I made my way up the courthouse steps:

"Please read this," he said. "Don't just throw it away. I'm not a weirdo."

"Sure," I said. "What is it?"

"It's all about my coma . . . I was in a coma for 28 days. It was like a little pink womb. I know I'm a nobody here, but I understand Karen . . . I know what she's going through, and I think I could get her out of the coma."

"Yes," I said. "But you've heard all the medical testimony. Her brain is practically dead. How are you going to change that?"

Guy nodded and set his large lower jaw.

"Give me your hand," he said.

Instinctively I pulled away.

"I'm not weird. Just give it to me."

I gave Guy Treadway my hand. He squeezed it gently.

"They said I was brain dead too. The priest was holding my hand giving me last rights when I squeezed him back.

"They were walking me around in my coma," Guy said. "And suddenly I fell on my face. That's when I woke up."

Tom Flynn

Tom Flynn was Karen's boyfriend in all three years in high school. Now he sat back on his couch, sipping a Coke in his parent's split-level home in Denville.

"I don't think anybody gives a shit about Karen," he said. "That goddamned Porzio . . . he ought to try out for *Inherit the Wind II.* What strikes me about him and all the rest of those lawyers is their vanity. They don't care about Karen. It's just something they do. . . ."

He stopped and shook his head. Flynn is a handsome boy, and his eyes show a kind of concern that can't be feigned.

"The people who really love her went through hell making the decision. Mrs. Quinlan was the first to realize it was hopeless. It took Mr. Quinlan much longer, but in the end they knew what they were doing was right. They went through agonizing self-reflection. And yet it still can't be done and here are these slick goddamned lawyers speaking as if they knew Karen, as if they knew better. You can print that. That's how I feel about it. They are a cold, hard bunch, who are really insensitive. They don't have any concern about the human being

involved."

"I don't know," I said. "Even Porzio, whom I didn't like personally at all, seems to be trying to do a conscientious job."

Flynn shook his head.

"No, I don't believe that. If he were, he couldn't use cheap theatrical tricks like calling the termination of the machine an execution. He couldn't drag in the Nazi atrocities. Can you imagine anything so cheap and so immoral when a person's life is on the line?"

"How has this affected your friends?" I asked.

"Most of them are horrified. I have a friend in college now in Ohio, and he called up and said he was so upset over it he dropped a course. He says it bothers him night and day. God, it's awful. And those reporters . . . that article in the *New York Times* talking about Karen's drug usage. It really bothered me. . . ."

He stopped and looked down at the cushion.

"She called me the last two weeks before she went into the coma and she said, 'Tommy, do you ever think you'll be happy?' and I said, 'Yes, though I'm not happy now. But I believe I will be,' and she kept saying, 'Do you really think it?' She was searching for fulfillment, that's all."

Summation

On Monday, October 27, the summations in the Quinlan case were offered up. Though all of the lawyers opposing the Quinlans made statements, it was Porzio who spoke the longest and who offered all the arguments the state and the hospital had.

"The law," said Mr. Porzio, well into his 45-minute soliloquy, "cannot control certain things in life. A small child is talking with his parents, he goes outside, suffers a hematoma and comes back in. We hold him, kiss him, say that's too bad. But can the law do anything about it? No. The truth is that there are many things the law can do nothing about. We truly do live in a veil of tears, Your Honor, and that is why I ask you to use judicial restraint."

Porzio went on to describe the "veil of tears" at great length, until the reporter next to me stopped taking notes altogether.

At one point Porzio made an eloquent list of all the areas the Quinlans' case touched on.

"It's so complex, Your Honor. It touches on economy, psychology, theology, morality, sociology. . . ."

The reporter next to me leaned over and whispered in my ear: "Geology, Your Honor, think of the impact on rocks!"

There were few more comic moments, however, than when Porzio went into his final 15-minute cliché-filled burst: "If Karen Quinlan has one chance in a hundred, one in a thousand, one in a million, who are we to play God?" "Dare we define the Divine Command, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill' " and finally, "The court must not harken to the rider on the pale horse, coming out of the darkness of the night, crying, 'Despair, Despair!' " Instead, Mr. Porzio entreated the court to "cast your lot with a whisper on the wind for hope and humanity and the preciousness of human life."

By the time Mr. Porzio had finished, he had worked himself up into a veritable froth of indignant outrage.

Compounding the problems for the Quinlans' side was Paul Armstrong's summation. Reading in a weak voice from legal-size paper, Armstrong emphasized that the Quinlans had a constitutional right to be guardians, and that

"I wish Karen could just get up, check out of the hospital, go to a motel and die"

the respirator did indeed constitute extraordinary means. Often during his summary, Armstrong would gulp for air and take a walk over to the water pitcher to get a drink. On the other side of the courtroom, Coburn (whose own summation was extemporaneous and a salute to the Quinlans' courage and featured the spontaneous line, "I wish Karen could just get up, check out of the hospital, go to a motel and die") looked around at the gallery as if he could barely contain himself from running out of the room. Finally, with a bit of pseudopoetry of his own, Armstrong mumbled something about a "whisper on the wind" (is there a Hallmark poetry class that is compulsory in law school?) and sat down. The hearing was over at last. Afterwards, I spoke briefly with the Quinlans, who only said they were "somewhat relieved" and that they didn't know yet whether they would appeal or not. In an hour or so, the courtroom was empty, the lawn was free of microphones and scribblers, and even the psychics, one presumed, had gone on to save some other poor, deserving soul.

Daniel Coburn

Sitting behind his desk, with his hands on his stomach, Daniel Coburn gave his own informed summation.

"It was a strain to me. God, it was awful. I hope I never have to go through anything like that again."

"I wanted to ask you something about your role as guardian," I said. "It seems to me, not from a legal standpoint but from a reasonable point of view, that if you are Karen's guardian you are trying to speak for her."

"That's right," Coburn said. "I'm her guardian. Only temporarily. The state appointed me for the case."

"Well, who are you serving then, Karen or the state?"

"I don't see where the two conflict," Coburn said. "It's like this . . . I have to protect her life . . . that's my role."

"Yes, that's your state—appointed role. But in this case she said she wanted to die, and her parents, who know her much better than you . . ."

"Much better," Coburn nodded.

"Well, they say she said she wanted to die too. And her friends, whom I've talked to. Tommy Flynn. As her guardian, aren't you trying to do what she wants, or is it your adversary role as state-appointed guardian that you're upholding?"

"I look at it this way," Coburn said. "What Karen may or may not have said before she went into the coma has little bearing. We all make statements like that when we're well. But what about the will to survive? That can't be dismissed. Like I said in there, if she is going to die, let her go out fighting on the operating table. All the experts who testified said they would be willing free of cost to try experimental surgery on her."

"Tommy Flynn, her ex-boyfriend, said he thought that was dissecting her, using her as a guinea pig."

Coburn shrugged and looked at me straight on.

"No, it's not. Look, this is America. What's being an American all about anyway? It's going down fighting. As long as there's a chance of winning, then you have to go with it."

"But I still don't understand this guardian business," I said. "Who were you speaking for anyway? It seems like you have to really be speaking for 'the preservation of life' no matter what. . . ."

Coburn shook his head.

"No, I honestly thought that it is what Karen wanted. A shot at it."

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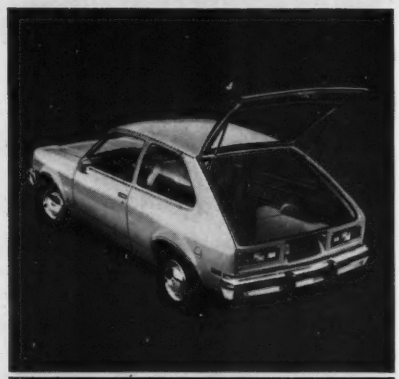

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"But you know yourself it's hopeless. She's a vegetable now."

"I know. But science can do many things . . . ."

The topic of the conversation changed to all the film crews in the area.

"If they ever made a movie out of this, they'd probably have someone really ugly playing me. Somebody like Karl Malden. Yeah, that's it, Karl Malden. Armstrong got all the good press."

He shakes his head and laughs.

"It was a very complex case. How about Porzio?"

"What about him?" I said.

"I just love to listen to him," Coburn said. "I was listening to myself a few times, especially when I was talking about Mr. Quinlan's love for Karen, and I heard myself and said, 'Wow, this is really pretty dramatic.' But my drama is different than Ralph's. When he's on, I try to play the opposite part. You know he's so intellectual, an intellectual genius! So I have to come on earthy, like Baretta! Yeah, that's one of the real pleasures of being in the courtroom. Working with Ralph Porzio. I said to my wife just the other night, 'Honey, you know when you are in the courtroom with Ralph Porzio you are in the Big League.' I love to hear that man talk. When you are in the courtroom with Ralph Porzio, you are in there with the Henry Aaron of lawyers."

Paul Armstrong

On the wall of his small apartment are about 30 varieties of butterflies. The afternoon I went to visit Paul Armstrong, he had just finished running three miles, and he was now making preparations to do some of the housework. On the stereo was the Great Caruso singing an aria from *I Pagliacci*.

Paul Armstrong is 30 years old but looks about 24; he bears a striking resemblance to Anthony Perkins. During the trial, his prep school good looks might have made it easy for him to be a favorite of the press, but he was not at all helpful and at times seemed almost petulant. After one talked with Armstrong for a few minutes, it was clear that his was the only really first-rate mind (not merely "legal") in the whole case. Yet, throughout the trial, there had been something pathetic in Armstrong's presentation, as if he were a professor practicing up on his ironies or a theologian working at converting a wayward flock. On the whole, if one needed to think of analogies, Paul Armstrong reminded me of no one so much as Adlai Stevenson. Cultured, bright and attractive, he would be a hit at any Boston dinner party. In the court a two-bit punk with a half measure of cunning, like Coburn, could eat him up.

"Do you know why I am talking with you?" Armstrong said.

"No."

"Well, when you asked me on the phone if the trial had brought any transformations in me and I said, 'No, no phenomenological changes,' you indicated you knew what I meant. That was terrific. I've used that line quite a few times in the trial, and no one has understood it."

"I ain't dumb," I said.

"No . . . . I didn't mean that. Anyway, I'm glad you dropped over," Armstrong said. "But I can't talk about anything directly related to the case."

"How have the Quinlans impressed you?" I said.

"It's amazing. They have such courage. You've seen a little of it. Well, it never wavers. I don't know how they do it."

"Are you working for free?" I asked.

"Yes. Their courage is a good enough payment for me. I know you think I have an angle, but I don't. I try to be straightforward and honest. What this all boils down to is a constitutional struggle. People should have the rights over their own bodies. Sovereignty over their own bodies."

"Let me ask you something. Many people have been highly critical of your courtroom manner. For one thing, they say you lack drama, that you don't accentuate your points."

Armstrong puckered up his mouth.

"I am in there to get things on the record. If some of the others want to use histrionics, that's their business. When the judge decides, he won't remember if someone waved their hand. He'll have the record to go by."

Before he could explain any further, the phone rang. Armstrong answered. It was Heather Bernard.

"Hello Heather. It's good hearing from you. What? No. I'm sorry, you can't get in to see the Quinlans. That's out. Don't you realize they're tired out? No, of course, I trust you. But the decision has not really been reached yet, you know? If it's your boss pressuring you, then put him on. Hey, look, what you are trying to do is blackmail me. You're in the wrong profession, Heather. I know it looks bad because you have to come up with a new angle. Stick your head in a bucket of water, haha . . . I'm only joking . . . .No, you've done a great job . . . I know it's important to you. They love you, believe me. We all love you. . . ."

Paul Armstrong came back and sat down.

"Whew," he said. "I knew it was going to be a massive case of publicity, but nothing like this. I had no idea it would get this complex. I just thought, Well, they put the machine on. Men put it on and men can take it off. I had no idea when we began. . . ."

The Last Day

On the last day in Morristown, I went around to T.J. Symond's bar to say goodbye to my friends, Child and Denise. I got my Bloody Mary and continued talking with my pals. In a little while we were all pretty boozy, and the agony of the whole affair was lessened a little. I knew in a few days I could be going somewhere else and that Denise would have some peace behind the bar and that Child would be able to watch Monday night football again without a gang of snooping reporters. Porzio would go on saving America, Coburn would go on thinking he was Baretta and maybe Armstrong, if he learned to perform a little, would end up a senator. There was only going to be one big loser in the whole thing. That wasn't even Karen, who was practically gone now and who, one prayed, wasn't feeling pain. No, the real losers were Joe and Julia Quinlan and the family, who, after all the writers and Heather Bernards had gone on, would sit down in their living room and hurt. The pain was in all their eyes and in their hearts, and nothing was ever going to take it away. Still, I hoped, as I said goodbye to Morristown, that Paul Armstrong was right. That the people had been enlightened, and that finally, as a nation, we would get control of our own lives, and of our own deaths.

Postscript

The circus outside the courtroom had dispersed. But the principles in the case had to make one last visit.

It was raining at 1:15 on November 10 when Judge Robert Muir walked into his courtroom. He handed a 44-page brief to the Quinlans; to Armstrong, their lawyer; to Collester, Hyland and Coburn, their opposition; and to the attending physicians. They were the only ones permitted in the room.

Before any of them began to plow through the brief, Muir explained, "The single most important quality Karen Anne Quinlan has is life. This court will not authorize that life to be taken away from her."

The Quinlans have not decided whether or not they will appeal. ●

By Ernest Lendler

THE GREAT AMERICAN BICENTENNIAL SALE

How do you celebrate the 200th anniversary of a revolution? To the official American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, it's an occasion for commercial pomp and very little circumstance. To the People's Bicentennial Commission, an alternative organization founded by a onetime antiwar activist, it's a natural opportunity to return to America's revolutionary roots (see the article on page 46).

Entrepreneurs, however, have created the most visible and pervasive manifestation of the nation's 200th birthday party. *Specialty Salesman* magazine explained to its readers that "the Bicentennial can be the biggest bonanza in your lifetime" and urged them "to cash in on the coming wave of patriotism. . . . Every man, woman and student will be a red, white and blue prospect come the Revolution." So far more than 20,000 Bicentennial products have been shipped to the marketplace, and thousands more are on the way.

That mentality inspired Jeremy Rifkin of the People's Bicentennial Commission to coin the term "buy-centennial." The official government publication *Bicentennial Times* took the criticism in stride: "Americans see nothing to deplore in the fact that this is, to a degree, a 'BUY-centennial'. . . . Buying souvenirs is as American as apple pie."

And so it is. In a testament to that fabled American ingenuity, manufacturers have attached the Bicentennial label to every product imaginable. There is a Bicentennial Toilet Seat (with stripes and an eagle) and a Bicentennial Electric Warming Tray. The Uncle Samwich is an artifically flavored ice milk bar billed as "a revolutionary treat"; American Fries are made with "french-fried taste, french-fried flavor and yankee doodle crunch." Rexall sells Minuteman Vitamins, and across the country stores are holding $19.76 and $17.76 sales.

Turn the page for a look at the *New Times* Bicentennial gift guide, a salute to the spirit of 1976 created especially for fervent 200th anniversary celebrants.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PENNY TILLMAN

For 1976, the Bicentennial look begins at home. Our modern-day Minuteman is casually attired in a versatile Bicentennial sport shirt, featuring the official 200th birthday symbol in red and blue, on a white ground (style #1776 from Cleve Shirts, $17). His reversible Bicentennial tie (Andover Creations, $7.50) intermingles 1776 flags and 1976 flags on one side, while featuring colorful Minutemen on the other. Concealed by the flush of patriotic colors are his tie clasp and cuff links, both from the full line of official Bicentennial jewelry by Red, White and Blue Star Jewelry ($3-4.50). Tucked away in his blue slacks is the Seventy-Six Bicentennial Pocket Watch (Bradley Time, $19.76) with a Declaration of Independence face. His casual feel is completed by knee-high socks, red and white striped with a blue top band featuring the Liberty Bell, available from Blackton (irregulars, $1.25). The unofficial tricorn revolutionary hat at his side is a distinctive touch for outdoor wear from Bollman ($9).

Her look begins with the official Bicentennial T-shirt from TarriTowne Casuals (all sizes, $2-6). The manufacturer requested that it not be shown here on a "male with long hair or a black." Her necklace is from the varied collection of Red, White and Blue Star Jewelry. The fashion-coordinated belt from Lee ($6) will soon be worn by members of our 1976 Olympic team. Her socks are part of the "200-76" collection from Party Time ($1.50), and on her wrist is a unique highlight of any revolutionary outfit: the Great American Bicentennial Watch (Swiss-made, $19.76 and up). Specially molded in the shape of a 13-star flag, the stars replace the second hand and rotate around the flag face. Her fashion mix is completed by an all-purpose Uncle Sam-model top hat from Bollman ($11).

Our attractive youngster is wearing a 100 percent cotton New York Bicentennial T-shirt, made in Pakistan for Manhattan Post Card ($2). Similar local fashion touches are available in most major Bicentennial cities. Our young patriot also sports a few of the wide range of patches, stick-ons and buttons (featuring stars, stripes, flags, historical scenes and personages), available from N.G. Slatter ($.39-$1.29). The tie slide comes once again from the multi-faceted Red, White and Blue Star collection. On our youngster's wrist is the nostalgic and timely Mickey Mouse Bicentennial Watch (Bradley, $15.95), enhanced by its flag-red band.

And for those cold days in the winter of '76, he'll have the official Bicentennial hi-bulk knit hat—[1] on the key below—from West Penn ($2.25).

Created to produce gasps of delight and shouts of glee, toys and games will hold a special place in the Bicentennial. The patriotic teddy bear, in glorious red, white and blue plush [2], recites the Pledge of Allegiance or excerpts from the Declaration of Independence in a mild southern accent. Truly an educational toy, it is available from Elka. The Bicentennial rifle and double holster set from Daisy [3] gives young Minutepersons a chance to play at their own revolution.

From Cadaco, the "Your America" game is an excellent way to learn more about the country's heritage. Produced six years ago for Sears, the slow seller has been refurbished with a black and gold stripe that reads "Bicentennial Edition" [4]. More challenging Bicentennial games include the official "Spirit of America" from Coach House and the "1776 Birth of a Nation" game [5] from Reiss, where players assume the identity of a famous colonist and collect bounty, money and signatures for the Declaration of Independence.

Every young patriot's room should have at least one of the many calendars for 1976, including Alistair Cooke's America [6], Benjamin Franklin's Perpetual Date Book [7] and the Mighty Marvel Bicentennial Calendar [8]. Historical scene place mats from Whirley [9] will keep young Minutepersons learning even as they eat. To carry his Bicentennial toys, our youngster can use his official tote bag from Maison White [10]. Should he decide to write his own declaration, Empire Pencil's revolutionary packs come in red, white and blue [11]. And what would any patriotic gathering be without a drum to beat? Chein Playthings has the "1776 Drum" [12]. Young colonists can even while away the anniversary year by watching their American Jumping Beans or by planting packages of Bicentennial-colored tulip bulbs from Vaughan-Jacklin [13].

Two-hundredth Anniversary snacks include Barton's Bicentennial Medallions and Whitman's Milk Chocolate Bicentennial Coins [14] in brightly colored wrappings commemorating revolutionary moments and leaders. And, for revolutionary recipes try the "Compleat American Housewife, 1776," which includes directions on how to stew a hare: "Beat it well with a rolling pin in its own blood" [15].

The beautiful and varied glassware created especially for the anniversary can introduce gracious living into any home. Among the choices are the Old Glory flag-designed misty goblet from Bartlett-Collins, West Virginia Glass' decaled salutes and Anchor Hocking's flag series [16]. Food and drink are best served on Whitley's "Happy Birthday America" plastic trays [17].

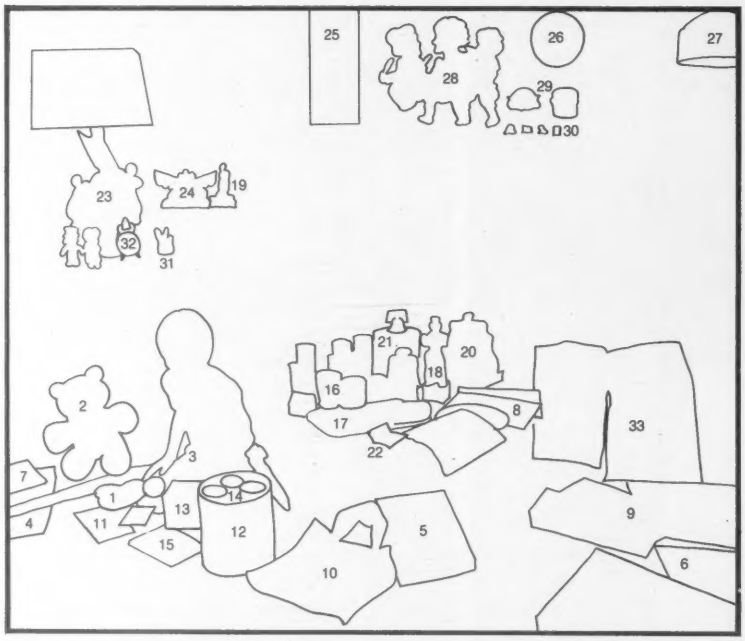
Already the U.S. Mint's Bicentennial quarters, half and silver dollars are becoming collector's items. And what better resting place for them than the Uncle Sam-200 Years Bank made in Hong Kong by All States Management [18], or the cast-iron Uncle Sam Bank imported from Taiwan [19]? The cast-iron bank is a replica of one first produced for the centennial in 1876. Put a coin in Uncle Sam's hand, press the button and he wiggles his whiskers and drops the coin in his satchel.

For the consummate Bicentennial touch, the Liberty Bell Decanter is rich in the handcrafted look of the past, yet contemporary in mood and elegance [20]. It is built to hold ample revolutionary cheer, but that's only the beginning. Tip the bell to pour an anniversary toast and it begins playing the National Anthem. All in all, it's a perfect companion piece to the Liberty Bell Ice Bucket [21]. And if Scotch or a bit of sherry won't suffice, get the celebration started with rolling papers, from Patriotic, in standard red, white and blue [22].

For lovers of classic understatement there is no better decorating choice than the Spirit of 1776 Lamp from Duncan [23]. Crafted with true-to-the-past character, it is made of unbreakable polyester imitation wood. Also appealing is the paper foldout Liberty Bell centerpiece by American Greetings [24]. United City's imported bamboo wall calendar [25], wooden snack or wall plate [26] and free-hanging lampshade [27] will all be stylish additions to a Bicentennial living room. Instant stained-glass designs from Aviva [29] and the Magic Magnet 1776 Series from Holiday [30] will also add a distinctive touch. And perfect for any child's room is the tasteful Spirit of '76 Glitter Plaque [28], which its makers promise will be "an heirloom in the future."

Throughout the Bicentennial era, the "1776-1976" solid state six transistor high impact plastic radio from I.S. Sutton [31] should provide easy listening. It bears an uncanny semblance to the company's peace sign radio from the late Sixties. To keep track of the time during Bicentennial celebrations, there is Bradley Time's Liberty Hall Alarm Clock [32], which sounds its alarm in patriotic fashion: two Minutemen pounding the Liberty Bell.

Someday, of course, all the toys will be broken, the decorations frayed, the games forgotten and the 200th Anniversary dimmed in our memories. At least one item, though, will remain useful: the Bicentennial Garbage Bag [33].



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25	**Murfeesboro, TN**	**10**	**Buffalo, NY**
27	**Hampton Rhodes, VA**	**11**	**Toronto, Canada**
28	**Greensboro, NC**	**13**	**Providence, RI**
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December		**15**	**Philadelphia, PA**
1	**Kansas City, MO**		

.MCA RECORDS

Reclaiming the revolution

By Al Robbins

It could have been the biggest thing since Woodstock. It could have been a hit rock album. It could have been a major feature film.

The occasion was the People's Bicentennial Commission's April 19th rally commemorating the 200th anniversary of Paul Revere's ride, a counter-event to the official commemoration of the first shot of the American Revolution. Michael Wadleigh, the man who directed the film *Woodstock*, wanted to get a slice of the bicentennial pie. He offered to provide headline entertainment for the 45,000 who attended the midnight to 8:00 a.m. rally in Concord, Massachusetts, hoping to turn the audio and video into marketable products for '76. Wadleigh reportedly promised the People's Bicentennial Commission (PBC) Bob Dylan, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, James Taylor and a host of others—along with a big cut in royalties. The PBC turned Wadleigh down cold.

Instead, the rally was a committed vigil in a cold, driving rain, an aggregation of latter-day Paul Reveres warning that "big business is coming!" It was a political event aimed at demonstrating that the bicentennial isn't all hoopla and bunting. After a long night of listening to speakers draw parallels between the revolutionary era of 200 years ago and today, the PBC unveiled a document it called the Declaration of Economic Independence, an echo of its revolutionary predecessor, proclaiming the beginning of a movement for a new economic order in America based on worker ownership and management. The crowd approved it unanimously. And while the vocal confrontation that took place later between President Ford and some of the people who attended the PBC rally didn't win PBC plaudits from the media, it did serve to illustrate the differences between the two bicentennials: one officious and elaborate, the other grass roots and spontaneous.

In a sense, Michael Wadleigh's attempt to capitalize on the PBC couldn't have been more ironic, for the organization is the antithesis of bicentennial hype. The Concord rally was a culmination of the vision of a radical from Chicago named Jeremy Rifkin, who in 1971 rejected the idea of a commercial celebration of the bicentennial, said no to Chairman Mao and Che Guevara and embraced Sam Adams, Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson as revolutionaries for our times.

To Jeremy Rifkin, Nixon and his commercial bicentennial were the *opposite* of the Spirit of '76—so he founded the People's Bicentennial Commission. Why not celebrate our first revolution, he asks, by having another?

Four years ago, Rifkin, a movement activist who had founded the Citizen's Commission of Inquiry into U.S. War Crimes in Indochina, bid farewell to the militant Left as it was then constituted in an article in *The Progressive* magazine titled "The Red, White, and Blue Left." To Rifkin, it made no sense for the movement to draw its radical inspiration from Third World figures while ignoring America's own revolutionary tradition. It was both absurd and impossible, he felt, for movement people to reject everything about America. After all, they *were* Americans, products of this country, right or wrong. "The New Left started as a movement to force American institutions to live up to the revolutionary aspects of American ideology," Rifkin wrote. "Now, ten years later, the movement has been fragmented into a constellation of factions whose ideological perspectives, slogans, tactical formats and heroes are borrowed largely from European and Asian revolutionary struggles. Why have we rejected our own revolutionary American heritage?"

So Rifkin set out to foment revolution American-style, and his People's Bicentennial Commission has been at it ever since.

PBC was started with an $800 kitty, a one-room office on Dupont Circle in Washington, D.C., and Jeremy Rifkin's intuition. "I knew that our nation was born in revolution," he says. "And I knew that our revolution spread the concept of revolution around the world and shook the thrones of Europe. I knew it was the greatest experiment in democracy in 2,000 years. That's all I knew. But that was enough to know that we weren't dealing with that tradition, getting back to it, admiring it and drawing inspiration from it. And I was certain that as conditions worsened in the country, both economically and politically, that Nixon and his cronies would use the coming bicentennial as a giant psychic assault on the body politic. So I said, 'Jesus, what we need is a People's Bicentennial Commission.' "

Since then, PBC has grown into a diffuse organization with local chapters in over 40 states claiming a paid mem-

Al Robbins, a free lance living in Philadelphia, last reported for NEW TIMES *on the troubles of Scott Camil.*

J. BERNOT

Jeremy Rifkin at Concord: thumbs down on bicentennial commercialism, thumbs up for economic democracy.

bership of over 10,000. Its major thrust has been developing educational materials that both explain what the American Revolution was all about and stress the necessity of extending its principles today. "I wanted to reach 200 million Americans," says Rifkin. "And you can't do that with smudged, indecipherable mimeographed sheets handed out on street corners. People will let our stuff go through channels that it would never normally go through."

PBC material is indeed extremely professional: Much of it looks like a Madison Avenue ad campaign. PBC has already published five books with Bantam and Simon & Schuster (one a scathing indictment of the American economic system by Rifkin called *Common Sense II*), and they have four more books in the works. Rifkin and his staff developed a pamphlet on religion's role in the revolution ("The Light in the Steeple") for the National Council of Churches that has been distributed to 65,000 religious institutions around the country. They designed the Child Care '76 campaign. Other PBC materials have been bought by the Campfire Girls, the Ys and even some VFW groups. PBC materials have been praised by the American Library Association for their historical accuracy, and more than 2,000 libraries have bought the PBC library kit. More than 5,000 schools across the country have bought PBC materials.

It's subversive stuff, but at the same time patriotic. Arch Booth, former head of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, has written of PBC literature, "It is propaganda as skillful as any I've seen. So well done is the material that if one of your children brought it home from school and you just glance at it, you probably would notice nothing wrong." Rifkin puts it this way: "Education, Tom Jefferson says, is to arm the people against tyranny. Education, he also says,

is to apprise people of the lessons of the past to prepare for the future. We are propagandists in that we have a point of view, but a good propagandist doesn't remake history. A good propagandist tells history to make it alive and real. We're proud of our materials, and we're proud that they're academically sound."

But not everyone agrees. Conservative columnist James J. Kilpatrick calls the PBC's position "hogwash, and Marxist hogwash at that." Ronald Reagan says, "Despite its mild name and easy confusion with the official American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, the PBC doesn't represent the people, isn't interested in celebrating the bicentennial and is not a federal commission."

It would appear that PBC's educational campaign has been somewhat successful. Some conservative commentators are now willing to admit that our founding fathers were revolutionaries, and must therefore be discredited. Columnist Kevin Phillips even went so far as to say in a piece written shortly after the Concord rally that the Minutemen at Lexington and Concord shot first at the British in 1775 because they had spent all night drinking brandy, that John Hancock organized the Boston Tea Party because the East India Company threatened to undercut the price of Hancock's own illegally smuggled tea and that if Sam Adams were alive today, he'd probably be doing a term in the big house for graft.

It does put the conservatives in an awkward position, though: The revolution the PBC is talking about is the *American* Revolution, and Ben Franklin was never called to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee. It's hard to peg the words and deeds of our founding fathers as a commie plot.

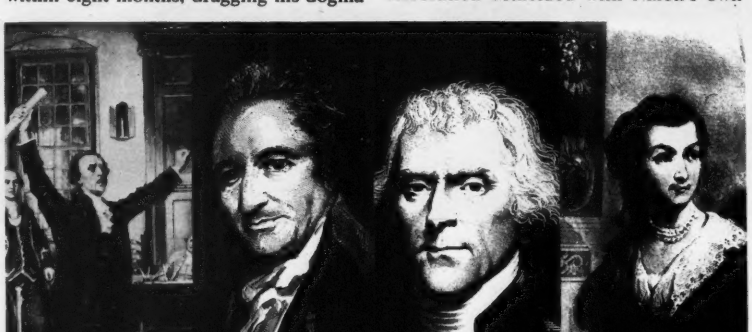
For Jeremy Rifkin it's been a long, tortuous journey from the South Side of Chicago to the political ferment of Dupont Circle. Balding at 30, mustachioed, frequently chomping on his pipe, Rifkin now resembles nothing so much as a concerned Sixties' college student who wanted his curriculum to be relevant. But Rifkin set out from the South Side to make it big. In 1963 he matriculated into the prestigious Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania, the first member of his family ever to attend college. He was a hustler in a world of preppies, and in three years he discovered that he could maneuver himself into all the right positions—president of his class, executive vice-president of the fraternity council, even cheerleader. Then, like so many other big men on campus in the Sixties, Rifkin felt something happen.

"I went through a metamorphosis at the end of my junior year," says Rifkin. "I had gotten just about everything I thought the system could give me, and it was totally alienating to me. I felt like a 60-year-old businessman in Scarsdale who had bought the system hook, line and sinker for 40 years hoping that if he made it to the top he'd get love, warmth and recognition; and in the end you're totally isolated and you know you're going to die in five years." The radicalization of Jeremy Rifkin had begun.

In his senior year at Penn, while getting a degree in economics, Rifkin involved himself in antiwar work. After graduation, largely to avoid the draft, he enrolled in a graduate course at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Boston. But it was a feint, and by spring '68 he was hanging around Columbia in New York, watching the student movement turn into outright rebellion. "That's when I began to get the feeling that there was an irreversible process at work," he says. Rifkin became part of the process by becoming a VISTA volunteer, one of the last white VISTA workers to be assigned to the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. At the same time, the Kerner Commission report on civil disorders in America came out with its premise that the soul of white racism resided in lily white suburbia, so Rifkin organized the first and only VISTA project in the suburbs, a task force on racism in Scarsdale. Predictably, he was booted out within eight months, dragging his dogma behind him.

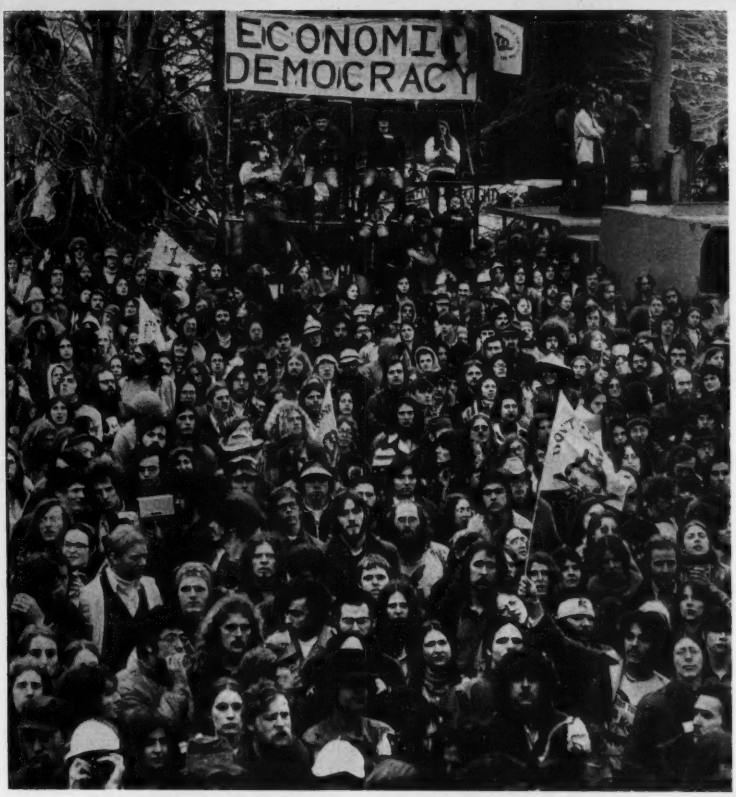
The next stop on Rifkin's voyage to discover America was New York's East Village. By this time he had developed a vague uneasiness about the tendency of those on the Left to reject everything that was American and to try to become, in effect, Third World guerrillas. "I think a lot of people dropped out of the movement because they never developed an American identity," says Rifkin, looking back on it. "There was so much guilt associated with being white and middle-class; you had kids coming out of Scarsdale calling themselves Americong, quoting simple passages from Mao that were intended for a peasant society fighting a war in the middle of China in the 1930s. And quoting that in the middle of the East Village. It was an *Alice in Wonderland* fantasyland. It was because they were desperately searching for identity. And the only way one can sustain oneself as a revolutionary is to develop an identity that's based on what's in you from your own upbringing in your own society and your own culture."

When Rifkin began the People's Bicentennial Commission in 1971, the movement was in tatters, Richard Nixon seemed more powerful than ever and the bicentennial was just a logo on some graphic designer's desk. Then, on July 4, 1971, Nixon went on national radio to declare the beginning of a bicentennial era that would culminate five years later on the nation's 200th birthday. Not coincidentally, the parameters of the era of celebration coincided with Nixon's own



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS: from left to right, Patrick Henry, Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Abigail Adams. If they were alive today, Rifkin wondered, would they be corporate executives, or activists seeking social justice?



J. BERNOT

At PBC's Concord rally: an attack on today's Tories.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

expected tenure in office, and it was not by accident that the offices of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission were located just around the corner from the Committee to Re-elect the President. The Nixon bicentennial was calculated to be an orgy of patriotic fever, a long and loud crescendo of America-is-the-greatest-country-on-earth aimed at taking attention away from the country's deteriorating economy and growing social problems.

Jeremy Rifkin analyzed the situation this way: If the founding fathers were alive today, would they be corporate executives and Wall Street lawyers as the Nixon people envisioned? Would they be in the back rooms making deals, or out in the streets demonstrating for social justice? Rifkin had found his organizing tool, a heritage taught to every American schoolboy, and one that could be used for long-range organizing, building a mass movement for social change. Just as the Tories of 1765 controlled the America of their day, so the Tories of today—the giant corporations—retained control. Ah-ha! The revolution had been betrayed, and Jeremy Rifkin was just the man to set things straight.

From the outset PBC was regarded as an anomaly by the Left and a curiosity by the Right. Here was a self-proclaimed revolutionary organization telling people to take their American flag lapel pins out of their drawers and don them proudly once again. That was supposed to be Nixon's line. Here was Jeremy Rifkin talking about Tories and patriots, Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson, while the Mayday tribe was tearing up Washington. When antiwar activists were still carrying around the NLF flag as the banner of revolution, Jeremy Rifkin suddenly showed up with a yellow flag picturing a green coiled rattlesnake with the motto "Don't Tread on Me." It was as if the activist community had suddenly been infiltrated through some revolutionary time warp, and very few knew what to make of it.

Slowly the PBC began to make itself felt, though, especially after Rifkin coined the term "buy-centennial" to identify businesses that were trying to exploit America's birthday. Then, in September 1972, Rifkin and Erwin Knoll, then Washington editor of *The Progressive*, published an article in that magazine called "The Greatest Show on Earth." It was an exposé of Nixon's American Revolution Bicentennial Commission based on over 1,000 confidential commission documents leaked by an ARBC mailroom clerk who had laboriously xeroxed some of the more bizarre proposals made to the ARBC. One plan made by an outfit in Costa Mesa, California, called Communication Resources, Inc., offered every American citizen a chance to "stand up and be counted" by circulating a giant copy of the Pledge of Allegiance to over 100 shopping centers around the country, giving the citizenry its chance to add their John Hancock to it. Another California group planned to erect a $360 million "Worldpark" featuring recreations of all the major tourist attractions from around the globe so that visitors to the park could witness such things as the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace in the sun-drenched serenity of San Clemente country. The list went on and on, including such items as red, white and blue Mack trucks, an official bicentennial birthday cake to be baked by Sara Lee, Baskin-Robbins' great American ice cream—featuring red, white and blue Betsy Ross Twirl, Mount Vernon Cherry Pecan and Valley Forge Rum Ration—and a recreation of the Boston Tea Party courtesy of the Lipton tea company.

The story was picked up by the *Washington Post*, and, as a result, the ARBC, which was already beset by troubles, found itself the target of a congressional investigation; the commission was ultimately reorganized as the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. "Rifkin's revelations played no part at all in the reorganization of the ARBC," claims former commission chairman David Mahoney, chairman of the board of Norton Simon, Inc. "The commission was just too large and unwieldy." Whatever the case, the score after the first bicentennial scrimmage was Rifkin 1, Nixon 0.

Meanwhile, the organization of local PBCs grew, gaining momentum at the grass-roots level. It was all very quiet and without fanfare, and, unlike many of the movement organizers of the Sixties, Rifkin played down his role as a leader. The idea was for local PBC organizations to be totally autonomous from the national organization, using the rhetoric of the founding fathers as an organizing tool but essentially deciding for themselves what elements in their own communities represented Toryism. Still, the key issue remained big business and the multinational corporations.

In December 1973 the growth of the PBC from a gleam in Jeremy Rifkin's mischievous eye to a viable national movement was demonstrated as it staged its first national rally, the Boston Oil Party—PBC's answer to the official com-

memoration of the Boston Tea Party. In the midst of a raging blizzard, the PBC brought out 25,000 demonstrators who marched from Faneuil Hall, where the Sons of Liberty originally met, to the Boston Docks, where they took over a recreated 18th-century ship and dumped oil drums into Boston Harbor to protest the newly begun energy crisis and the huge windfall profits being made by America's giant energy corporations. "The city of Boston didn't take us very seriously," says Rifkin. "One official told me that the New Left was dead, that there hadn't been a demonstration in the city for years. We told them we were going to bring out 25,000 and to be prepared. So the day came, and it was the first real blizzard of the year. The bureaucrats all got up on the dock, about 800 of them, shivering, doing little recreations. Then they heard a rumble from down in the financial district. They looked up and there came 25,000 by their own count. People with 'Don't Tread on Me' flags and quotes from Tom Paine, Abigail Adams and Patrick Henry and American flags flying high. It was very different from any rally they'd ever seen before because it wasn't the kind of rally from the Sixties. The quotes were different, the heroes were different, the flags were different and the constituency was different. We surrounded the docks and the handful of bureaucrats there, and it pointed out the whole Catch-22 of the bicentennial. Here were thousands of people—radicals—out there just like 200 years ago, and there were the bureaucrats sitting there with the Salada tea company. And even the bureaucrats knew who really belonged there."

On Walter Cronkite that night, Americans watched a 48-year-old construction worker dumping oil barrels into the harbor while banners overhead proclaimed "freeze profits, not people." The revolution, you see, *will* be televised.

The PBC offices in Washington are a far cry from a television sound stage, though. They're small, cramped and businesslike; you'd hardly know there was a revolution going on. Most of the people who work for the PBC are not hard-core veterans of the Sixties' movement. Ted Howard, who does most of the historical research for the commission and has written two books for them, *America's Birthday* and *Voices of the American Revolution*, is a college dropout whose father pumped gas for Standard Oil in Southern California. Sheila Rollins, who handles correspondence with local PBCs, is a mother of two who used to work for Sears Roebuck and Aetna Life Insurance. Noreen Banks, who's also written two books for the PBC, is the daughter of a Methodist minister from Boston. And David Winship, the man who fills most of the orders for PBC material, is a direct descendant of two brothers killed at the Battle of Lexington in 1775.

The atmosphere at the PBC's office is low-keyed and relaxed. Every six weeks or so there's a full staff meeting of the Washington people and the PBC field staff, about 18 in all. Decision-making is done on a consensus basis. Although the PBC, which is officially a nonprofit corporation, currently has an annual operating budget of around $250,000—money raised largely from the sale of educational materials, memberships and book contracts—full-time staffers including Rifkin gross only $85 a week. "The $85 a week is tough," says Rifkin. "A lot of our people have families. But all of our money goes into the office; nobody gets special treatment. And I think it creates a better relationship here. I believe we're the only organization of this size in the country—in terms of the amount of money we have—that operates on that kind of salary and that kind of management level. We're trying to do here what we're talking about in the outside world."

To commemorate the Boston Tea Party, PBC gathered 25,000 demonstrators with American flags, and dumped oil drums into Boston Harbor to protest the profits of energy corporations

What PBC has in mind for the rest of America is something they call "economic democracy." That translates into worker ownership and management of business and industry, an extension of democratic principles to the workplace. It isn't capitalism, but Rifkin insists that it isn't socialism either. He calls the idea the third economic alternative.

It's an idea that has received scant attention. While those involved in PBC are admittedly revolutionary in outlook, they advocate a peaceful transfer of business ownership through nothing more violent than a sale at a fair price. Rifkin, who is an economist, foresees a coming capital drain from this country. He expects that large multinational corporations will invest heavily overseas, leaving America without enough capital to develop new technology and replace aging factories. (More conservative economists agree that a capital shortage may soon be one of America's biggest problems.) Should the capital drain come to pass, we would face huge unemployment. Our major cities would become insolvent and incapable of providing public services. Rifkin doesn't shudder at the thought of the multinationals reducing their investment in the United States and shifting their capital to more profitable parts of the world. He says, fine, good riddance—but insists that American workers be allowed to buy or lease underutilized plants and industries and to attempt to provide for their own welfare through democratic management of their workplaces. The money probably would have to come from loans guaranteed by the government, but there are precedents for that: The federal purse has been made available in the past to guarantee loans and otherwise bail out bankrupt corporations.

PBC has come up with startling evidence that the idea of such radical change in the system of ownership and management does not frighten Americans. On Labor Day the commission released the results of a poll conducted for them, at a cost of $14,000, by Peter Hart, a prestigious Washington pollster who's worked for CBS, the *Washington Post* and many congressional and gubernatorial candidates. Hart says it was the first public opinion survey ever taken to determine what Americans thought of the nation's economic system. "We took a risk," says Rifkin. "We wanted to find out how large our constituency was, and we wanted one of the top pollsters in the country to conduct it so that we could feel confident that the survey was really meaningful; and secondly, so that the American public would take it as an important survey. It could have turned out that we had no constituency. I had hoped, when we conceived of it, that about 20 percent of the American public would favor fundamental economic change

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toward economic democracy. That would be extremely crucial since no one had ever spoken about this third economic system, no one had ever advocated it and no one had ever endorsed it. When the results came in, we were just floored."

The poll explored three areas: the public's attitudes toward the current health of the nation's basic economic and political systems and institutions, the public's short-term views of the nation's business and political leadership and the public's responses regarding political alternatives to current programs and policies. Fifty-five percent gave the economy a negative prognosis, and 33 percent felt that the American capitalist system was in outright decline. When asked about economic alternatives to the current system, 17 percent advocated keeping things the way they are, 37 percent opted for minor adjustments to correct current problems and 41 percent—a plurality—advocated making major adjustments to the system, trying things that haven't been tried before. Perhaps most surprising were the results when people were asked which kind of company they would like to work for: one owned by outside investors, one owned by the government or a worker owned and managed company. The question was asked without official labels attached. Twenty percent said they would like to work for the capitalist company, 8 percent said they would like to work for the socialist company and 66 percent said that they would like to work for the worker owned and managed company. On top of that, 56 percent said they would support a presidential candidate who favored worker owned and managed industry.

"A lot of the results greatly surprised me," says Peter Hart. "The thing that surprised me more than anything else was that 41 percent of the people favored making a major adjustment to deal with the economy. It was really surprising from the point of view that we really gave them fairly moderate alternatives, and the fact that a plurality said they favored making major adjustments indicates to me that they're really willing to go a lot farther than people in leadership positions are willing to believe. And the thing that I find most gratifying about the poll is that, although many people disagree with its findings, no one has come forward and challenged the questions or the wording or the attitudes of the American people."

To Jeremy Rifkin and the people at PBC, the results of the Labor Day poll were the first indication that four years of diligent effort might be leading somewhere. But worker control is a long way off. In the meantime, PBC is planning for 1976.

On July 4th a massive rally is planned for Washington, D.C., modeled on the 1963 civil rights march on Washington. Rifkin expects to attract 250,000 people. In addition, the PBC is planning to organize something they call "The Common Sense Campaign" in two key primary states—New Hampshire and Wisconsin. In those states it will be a sort of media blitz including door to door canvassing, local rallies, debates with candidates and radio, TV and billboard advertising—aimed at making economic democracy an issue in next year's presidential campaign. Rifkin is also planning some major activity every six or eight weeks, but he won't say precisely what. "It will be something of educational value. We want to keep all those big corporations on their toes. We want to keep all those executives hopping around, keeping them shuffling and dodging. See, they're like big dinosaurs. It takes them 60 to 90 days to react to anything, so every time they're ready to react, we're going to release another tidbit to test their wit. It will be a lot of fun. The theatricality of the moment in '76 is just absolutely fantastic."

"The revolution," John Adams said, "was in the minds of the people, a change in their sentiments, their duties and obligations"

If recent PBC events are any indication, America next year may well become a giant stage. On July 4th of this year, the national PBC presented its first "Tories of the Year" awards to five groups that, in the PBC's opinion, best represented American Toryism. The awards, 3-by-5 foot one-way tickets to Nova Scotia, where many Tory refugees from the American Revolution fled, went to the ARBC, to *Time* magazine for its special bicentennial issue, to Disney World for its "America on Parade" show, to Mobil Oil for its ad about Sam Adams and to the Freedom train.

It's difficult to gauge the PBC's impact with such tactics, though. Most of the national PBC's activity is geared toward generating educational material, while local PBCs tend to organize in their own communities around issues like utility rate increases and fair housing practices. The Long Island PBC, for example, gives "Tory of the Month" awards, a recent recipient of which was the New York Public Service Commission, which, according to the Long Island PBC, "acts like a rubber stamp for the policies and rate hikes of the utilities." The Hartford, Connecticut, PBC ran a media campaign to deny the town of Newington its official bicentennial status because of the town's allegedly discriminatory housing practices. The New Hampshire PBC demonstrated and lobbied for a runoff election in the state's deadlocked Senate race, using "No Taxation without Representation" as its slogan. The PBC in North Dakota publishes its own newspaper, as does the PBC in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Aside from planning for '76, Rifkin is mapping out the next phase of PBC, an eight-year push to build a mass movement toward his vision of economic democracy beginning on July 4, 1976, and culminating in 1984. Sometime after the 1976 presidential election, the PBC will change its name, the major spasm of the bicentennial having been exhausted by then, but it will continue to build on the educational foundation it has constructed. For Rifkin, the ultimate outcome depends not so much on any concrete action but on an intangible change in the American public. Rifkin likes to quote John Adams on this point: "What do we mean by the revolution?" asked Adams. "The war? That was no part of the revolution. It was only the effect and consequence of it. The revolution was in the minds of the people, a change in their sentiments, their duties and obligations. This radical change in the principles, opinions, sentiments and affections of the people was the real American revolution, and this was effected from 1760 to 1775. In the course of 15 years this happened before a single drop of blood was shed at Lexington." To which Rifkin adds, "1760 to 1775; 1960 to 1975. Some coincidence, huh?" ●

Anyone wishing to contact the PBC should write to People's Bicentennial Commission, 1346 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington DC 20036.

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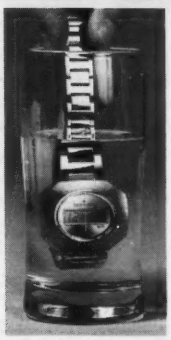

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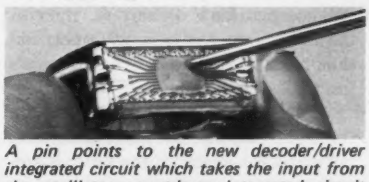

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Movies

Smile and *Mahogany*: Well-aimed grenades and just plain pulp

By Nik Cohn

Big Bob remembers. These days he is a highly successful mobile-home salesman in Santa Rosa, California; a husband, a father, an all-round good fellow. Most important, he is chief judge at the town's Young American Miss beauty pageant. Now he leans back against his car and, eyes misting, contemplates his past.

Yes, he confesses, there have been certain disappointments. Once he almost had a blind date with Liz Taylor. The arrangements were all set, he'd gone to endless trouble and expense to make sure that everything ran smoothly. Only she never showed up. He waited and waited but no message came, and, the next morning, he found out that she'd eloped with Nicky Hilton.

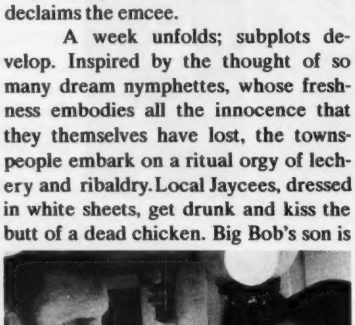
At the time, no point in denying it, he had been badly stung. His apple cart was well and truly upset. Still, he had refused to brood. Defeatism was not his style. So he came to Santa Rosa, set up business, raised a family: "I learned to expect a little less from life," he says, pursing his lips in a wistful sagacity. "I'm happy."

A little less from life; director Michael Ritchie's *Smile* is all about that line. Perhaps there was once a time, long ago, far away, when his characters truly believed, aspired. But now they merely pretend. Trapped, they study acceptance, go through the motions, and they don't complain.

This has always been Ritchie's pet vision. In *Smile,* as in all his previous movies, which include *Downhill Racer* and *The Candidate,* the sense of waste runs everywhere. Santa Rosa stands for a world of innocence twisted, of convictions broken by compromise, routine, time. "This is fun. We're having a great time," its inhabitants keep insisting. But no one believes them. In the end, they don't even believe themselves.

The tale itself is simple. Once a year, the town has its great moment of glory: the state finals of the Young American Miss competition. The girls arrive as strangers, nervous, inept. Herded together like cattle, they are lectured, groomed, put through their paces. The competition is not really a competition at all, they are told. Each one of them is a winner. So they sing and dance, they parade on cue. "Aren't they lovely? Isn't everyone lovely?" declaims the emcee.

A week unfolds; subplots develop. Inspired by the thought of so many dream nymphettes, whose freshness embodies all the innocence that they themselves have lost, the townspeople embark on a ritual orgy of lechery and ribaldry. Local Jaycees, dressed in white sheets, get drunk and kiss the butt of a dead chicken. Big Bob's son is



Dern and Feldon: Young American Misses in a world of twisted innocence.

caught taking dirty pictures of the girls through their changing-room window. A Mexican entrant, much given to guacamole and speechifying, is sabotaged. The compère smarms, the choreographer throws tantrums, the middlemen cluck like demented hens. A mechanical talking dog dispenses snacks at a diner, and Big Bob pours himself a whiskey from the penis of a plastic statuette.

Day by day, the sense of hysteria, of half-checked attrition, increases. Yet somehow the fabric holds, the surface still gleams. "Keep smiling," says one of the competition's organizers, right at the beginning. And through thick and thin, humiliation and exhaustion, that's just what everyone does.

At this level, the film works well. Its targets may be easy, many of its shots cut-price. No matter. If the satire is grotesque, so are beauty pageants themselves, after all. What need to seek out subtleties, delicate nuances of implication, when the reality is so gross? So *Smile* hurls its grenades at random, exploding any target that presents itself, and in the process the film comes up with more than its fair share of bull's-eyes. The acting is splendid, the direction properly taut. Occasionally, yes, the effects are overdone, and a few of the characters lurch overboard, trail off into caricature. Still, I laughed, loud and often.

So far, so fine. But satire is only half the film. Interwoven with the japes there is a much more serious sub-theme, involving Big Bob (played by Bruce Dern), his best friend, Andy (Nicholas Pryor), and Brenda, Andy's wife (Barbara Feldon).

Andy, once boyish, now sagging, is the town drunk, and he does not drink for fun. Alone of all its inmates, he is not at home in Santa Rosa, does not believe in its formula, all this endless good cheer and uplift. It shrivels him; he despairs. So he souses himself remorselessly, hot for oblivion.

Brenda, meanwhile, stands at the other extreme. A former Young American Miss herself, she embraces the pageant with true religious fervor, as though it were a sacrament, the embodiment of all things wholesome, clean, admissible. For her, doubt is a disease, a cancerous heresy. "This is only self-pity," she cries, outraged, when her husband gripes. "Pull yourself together. Be a man. Have fun."

Big Bob is stuck in the middle. At first, a convinced Santa Rosan, he sides entirely with Brenda. But as the film progresses, his stance begins to shift. The incident of his son and the dirty pictures takes him down a peg. He remembers Liz Taylor. By degrees, his tone becomes less crowing; he falters, grows vulnerable. "Do you know what you are? A goddamned Young American Miss," Andy tells him at the end, and suddenly the scales fall from his eyes, all his fictions are shattered, like Saul struck down on the road to Damascus.

This awakening points the moral, in letters ten feet high: Santa Rosa, and everything that it stands for, especially the beauty pageant, is a sham. The smile, in reality, is a rictus.

If that sounds crude, that's exactly how it seems in the film. Ritchie has a touch like a sledgehammer, effec-

tive enough for raising fast laughs, and scoring open goals, but hopelessly inadequate when he comes to anything more complex. All three of his main protagonists step straight off a soap-opera conveyor belt. Brenda is the archetypal cardboard cutout of the frigid, self-righteous she-monster, and Tommy is ditto of the aging, disillusioned juvenile, his charm turned sodden, all rage reduced to a whine. Stock tintypes, every gesture and line recycled. And as for Big Bob, he starts out so unspeakable, such a walking compendium of platitude and cant, that one cannot believe in his instant conversion for a moment. Not likely, after a lifetime of unrelenting self-deceit, that one word from a friend would overturn his whole world. A soul saved in a snap of the fingers: Miracles hardly come so pat.

In these areas, *Smile* puts me in mind of *Nashville.* The two films sha many of the same virtues: irreverence, speed, a real hilarity. Yet, in the crunch, both are sunk by the same built-in flaw: They talk cheap. Most of the time they snigger, and when they don't, when they get to the earnest bits, they are merely sentimental. Hunting charades, all-American lies, they are fine. Only humans defeat them.

At root, this is a matter of scale, and perspective. It's one thing to use an institution, a ritual, and turn it into prepackage farce. Clearly, beauty pageants (or the country music industry, for that matter) deserve all the scorn and abuse that anyone could possibly fling at them. But the people caught up in them are not quite so simple, won't fit such easy shapes. The institutions actually exist, and reality will always outstrip the most grotesque of fictions. The people are inventions, however, and therefore must be handled with a certain care, just a wisp of respect. Not good enough, to trot them out as stereotypes, numbered puppets, just because they are Middle Americans, the authorized fall guys of the moment. If films are to present us with seeming humans, however unfashionable their backgrounds, those characters must be allowed to breathe, form their own patterns. Run them through like robots, as *Smile* does, and they simply die. So real strengths are wasted for some fine dirty laughter. Ritchie mocks well. But in the end, his film does not live. It is a manipulation, bloodless, pre-taped. A mechanical demonstration.

Much outrage has been vented on *Mahogany,* but, for myself, I reveled in every minute. It is a piece of purest pulp, a reincarnated Fifties' melodrama, with Diana Ross in the kind of role that once bred Susan Hayward. A young girl, poor but honest, struggles in the ghetto, dreaming that one day she will be a world-famous fashion designer. She falls in love with a local militant, then leaves him to follow riches and glory in Rome. She becomes an international model. She frolics with a variety of European aristos and decadents. All her dreams have come true. But gradually she comes to realize that her triumph is hollow, a mere masquerade. So she turns her back on the glitter and goes home to her true love, the militant. They embrace. The music soars. End of film.

Obviously, in a film like this—the corniest type of star vehicle—almost everything depends on one's personal reaction to the star in question, and, as it happens, I think that Diana Ross is the sexiest thing on two trotters. So *Mahogany* is home free with me, without even a pretense of resistance. Before those eyes, that mouth, all critical standards melt. She comes on screen, I grovel. No contest.

So why all the fuss? Simply because *Mahogany* is a black movie, I think; and black in a style that most reviewers, white, liberal, demi-hip, find improper. It is not serious, not sufficiently oppressed. It espouses none of the right causes, is about as radical as a Jacqueline Susann. All that it aims for is slush entertainment, in the classic tear-jerker tradition. So it is sexist, and silly, essentially worthless, just like the vast majority of white films. But those white films, for the most part, get dismissed with a shrug, as being too trivial to squander spleen on, while *Mahogany* draws a massed rage of hornets, screaming that it has sold the pass, betrayed its roots.

Excessive. *Mahogany* is simply escapism. Sheer mindless wallowing, the filmic equivalent to a rose-petal sunken bath. Blacks, just like anyone else, have the right to that sometimes.

Books

Crowcroak and swiftsong

By Geoffrey Wolff

Books of verse by Ted Hughes:

The Hawk in the Rain. Faber and Faber (1957).

Lupercal. Faber and Faber (1960).

Wodwo. Harper & Row ($4.95; 1967).

Crow. Harper & Row ($5.95; 1971).

Selected Poems. Harper & Row ($6.95; 1973).

Season Songs, with pictures by Leonard Baskin. Viking ($10; 1975).

As I write I can hear a coyote moan and call. I have no choice: He *makes* his presence known, makes me hear him. The children are excited and not a little frightened; this is no domestic noise, nothing like a cat fight or a dog raising hell at the moon. Coyotes have been trapped, shot and poisoned throughout their range. The idea has been to have done with them forever, but here they are, pushing, by an enormous extension of their territory, into New England. Their salvation from the fury of sheepmen and farmers has become a pet cause of conservationists, particularly of conservationists who live in cities. They are routinely described as having been *maligned* and *persecuted,* and so they have. Three years ago a coyote, previously thought to have been eradicated in upper New England, was shot in Maine, and people traveled long distances to spit on its carcass and curse it.

The coyote's howl is not inviting, and those anthropomorphists who would make a chum of the beast do as grave an injury to its integrity as those who would run it off the planet. A coyote killed 11 sheep near here this summer, on a single small farm. Coyotes don't much bother to wag their tails; their business is getting by, hanging on. They're shrewd, distant and as mean as need demands. They're Ted Hughes' kind of living thing, and that howl I hear, a defiant and cutting thrust of noise through the quiet of this sun-shot forenoon, is the kind of song his poetry sings.

Hughes is a publicist of predators, English, so his zoo contains hawks and foxes and pike. Now and again he extends his range to celebrate the ani-

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mation, the murderous purpose, of a jaguar. Or he hangs close to home, telling of the wild dog, the rat, an otter. He is drawn to survivors, to beasts and birds who train their eyes and sharpen their beaks and claws. From his first collection, *The Hawk in the Rain,* he has taken common cause with the brutal and has channeled blood, hot and cold, through his lines. He has spoken with the hawk's voice:

> My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
> It took the whole of Creation
> To produce my foot, my each feather:
> Now I hold Creation in my foot
>
> Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly—
> I kill where I please because it is all mine.
> There is no sophistry in my body:
> My manners are tearing off heads—

Even pike in a millpond, not much longer than a finger, pretty green and pretty gold, are "killers from the egg" wearing a "malevolent aged grin." A rat in a trap—you are a rat caught in a trap, I am—attacks "heaven and earth with a mouthful of screeches like torn tin." Hughes does not blink. He has a vision, inarguable and bleak, of pervasive and eternal warfare: The Creation itself was a declaration of war. *Crow* is probably Hughes' best-known collection, and its title character, a spiky, resourceful, vulgar, cunning bird, in his fancy as vulnerable as a man but in action more of a survivor, has a creed, "Crow's Theology":

> Crow realized God loved him—
> Otherwise, he would have dropped dead.
> So that was proved.
> Crow reclined, marvelling, on his heart-beat.
>
> .....
>
> And what loved the shot-pellets
> That dribbled from those strung-up mummifying crows?
> What spoke of the silence of lead?
>
> Crow realized there were two Gods—
>
> One of them much bigger than the other
> Loving his enemies
> And having all the weapons.

Crow is rudimentary, a durable machine. He is asked, in "Examination at the Womb-Door," who is stronger than death, death who seems stronger than all things and beings, stronger than hope, will, love and life. *"Me, evidently./* Pass, Crow." Crow tears at carrion, Crow improvises, Crow survives torture, the attacks of gods and devils, and of a devil tricked out like God. God hammers Crow, roasts him, crushes him, tears him to pieces, blows him up, hangs him, buries him, chops him in two. And finally says: "You win, Crow." This is "Crow's Song of Himself," a croak. One note Crow cannot sing, however: God, teaching Crow to talk, trying to, forms the word love, *LOVE.* Crow cannot utter it. God tries to teach it, tries again:

> "A final try," said God. "Now, LOVE."
> Crow convulsed, gaped, retched and
> Man's bodiless prodigious head
> Bulbed out onto the earth, with swivelling eyes,
> Jabbering protest—

Crow's language is as brutal and vital as his need. Most unpoetic diction, sturdy and assertive, not at all pretty. A sympathetic critic has called it prosy, but it is no such thing. It is rude, peculiar, a croak as singular and strident and commanding as the coyote's yawp out there. Hughes is himself something of a lonely, natural force. Colleagues from his student days at Cambridge recollect a dangerous fellow, going his own way, in touch with runes and shadows, determined. As a young boy in Yorkshire he loved animals, saved field mice at threshing time from the steel spikes, tucking them in their dozens beneath his shirt. His brother, of a different persuasion, liked to shoot birds and rabbits, weasels and rats, and Hughes liked to look at them dead as well as alive: "He could not shoot enough for me," he once said. He has worked as a rose gardener and night watchman, perfect callings to suit his art, a voice and vision at once beautiful and thorny, and responsive to thrashings and turmoil and whispers heard in the darkness.

Hughes married Sylvia Plath, whom he met at Cambridge, on Bloomsday, 1956, and they had a son and a daughter together before she killed herself in London seven years later. *Season Songs* is a collection of poems written for his children, a cycle of poems moving from spring through winter. Like the paintings and drawings—bright, vivid, misty, brooding, violent, loving—that Leonard Baskin has created for this book, Hughes' performance is varied and his intention capacious. Baskin, a longtime friend of Hughes and colleague of Sylvia Plath at Smith College, has for many years explored the corre-

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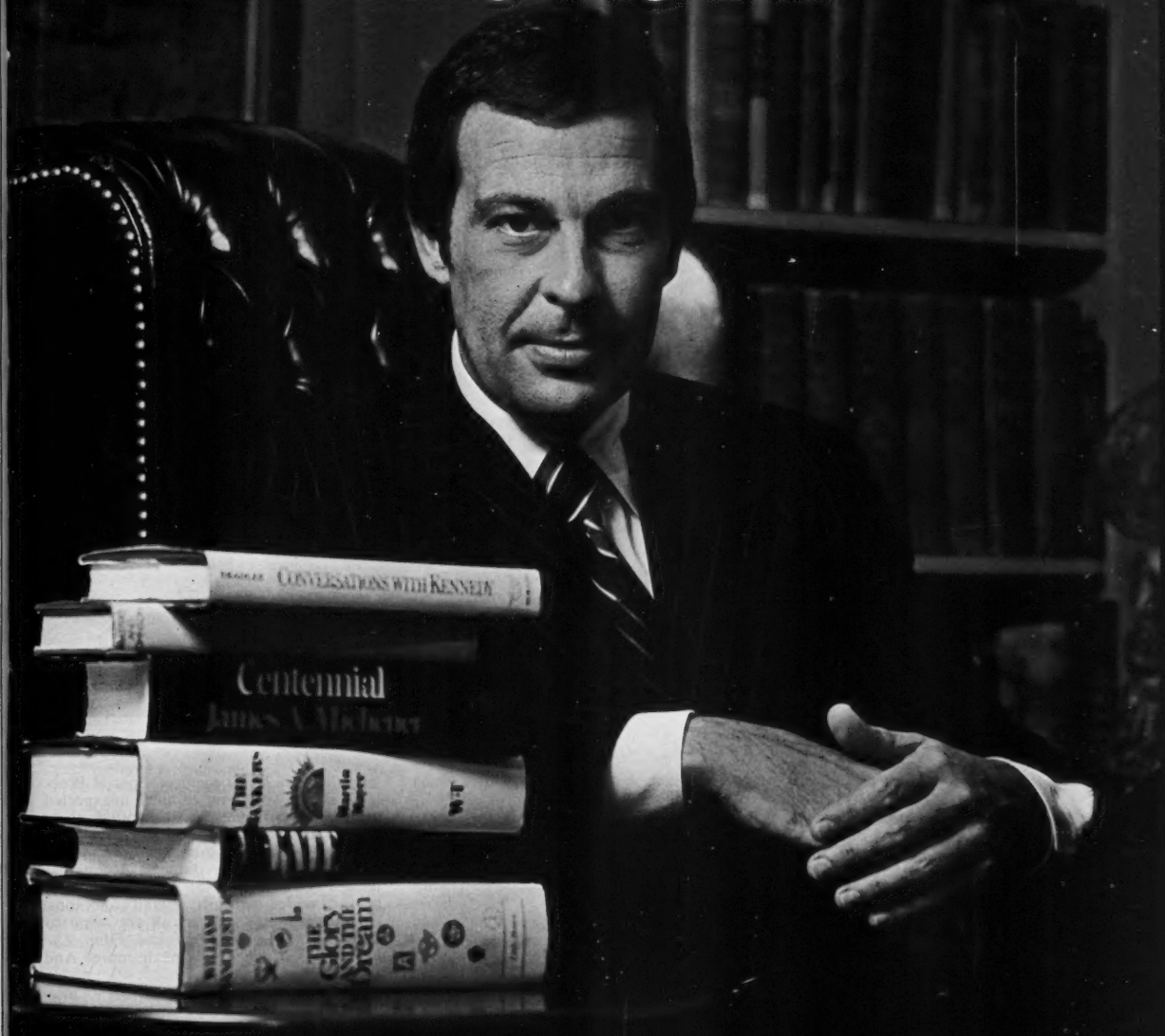

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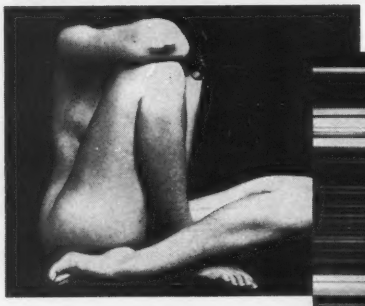

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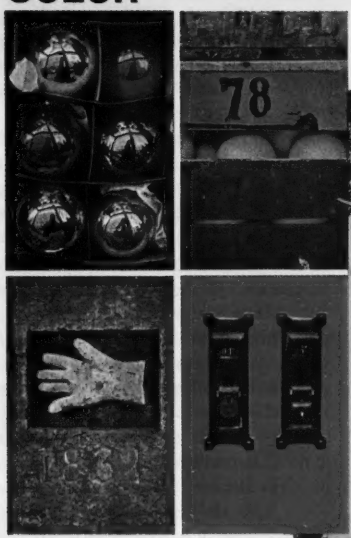

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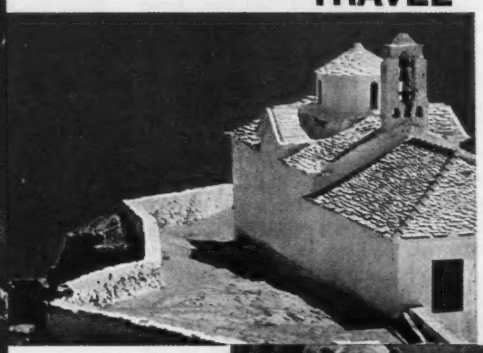

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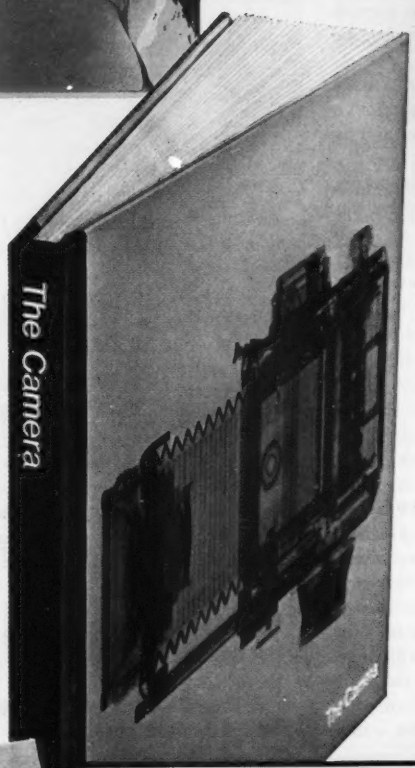

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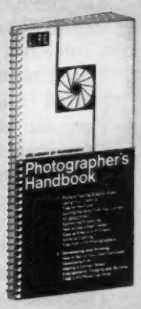

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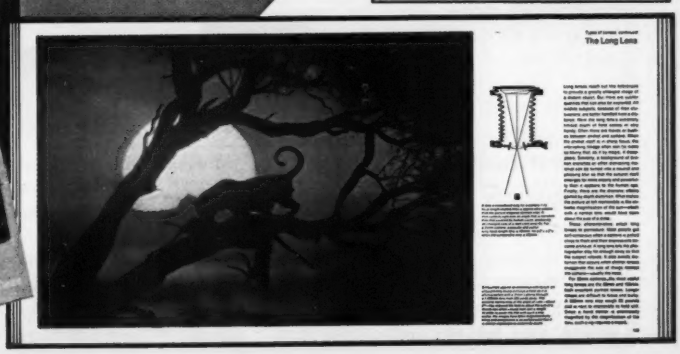

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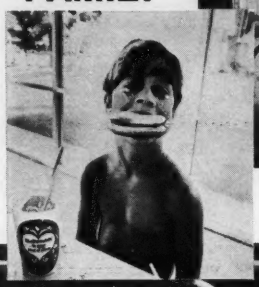

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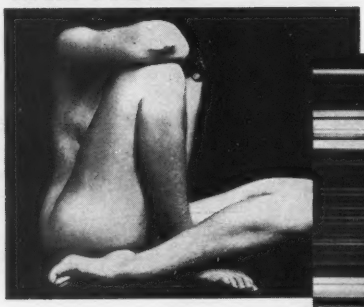

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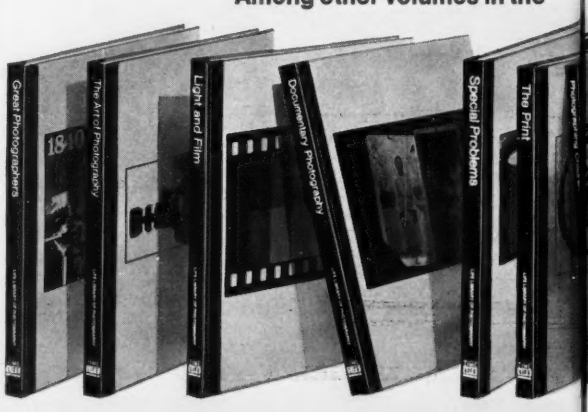

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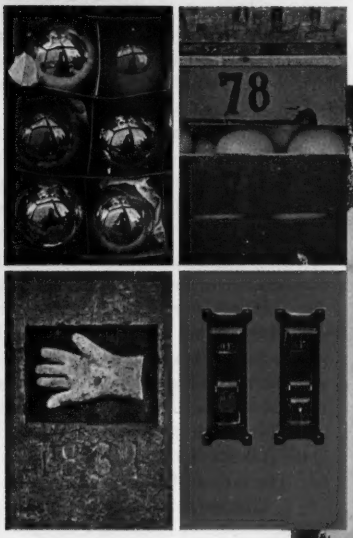

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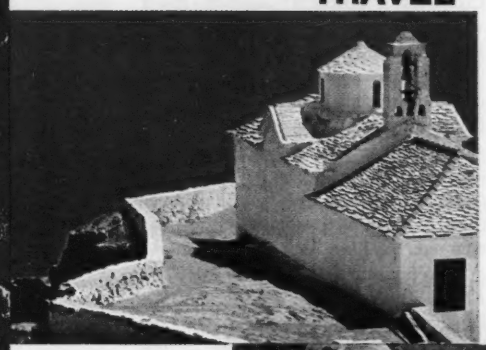

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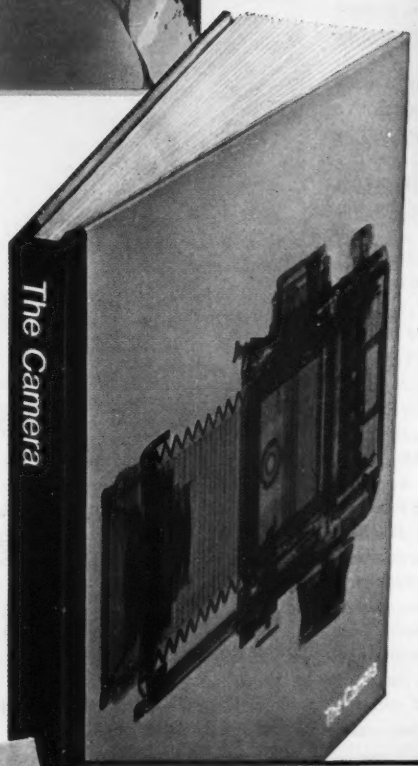

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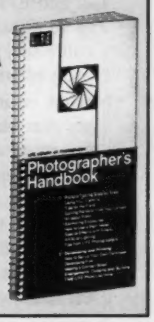

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spondence between man and his fellow creatures of the Creation, and his range and power of condensation are by now intimidating. Hughes, 45, has attained a similar range of expression, now sacrificing the strident, obsessional voice of Crow for a different cadence, lower volume, elegiac tone. It has not been Hughes' history heretofore to repeat himself, or to repeat his previous manner, but the shift here to *Season Songs* from *Crow* is fundamental. Not merely soft or pretty—though sometimes they are that too—and not smoothed out for children—they are still sharp, can cut—these poems have something of the character of *The Tempest*, or *Oedipus at Colonus*, or *The Confessions of Felix Krull*. Fury is less interesting now to Hughes than curiosity. Not resignation but acceptance is a signature of the poems. The rat now ceases to screech and drum against his tin cage; rather, he studies it and conditions it.

Death is everywhere in *Season Songs*. During the summer section, a lamb is born, climbs to his feet and by evening can no longer stand:

> . . . . . It was not
> That he could not thrive, he was born
> With everything but the will—
> That can be deformed, just like a limb.
> Death was more interesting to him.
> Life could not get his attention.
> So he died, with the yellow birth-mucous
> Still in his cardigan.

This is an altogether more difficult effect to achieve than the arresting and violent effects in *Crow*. Crow is conjured entire, the creature of Hughes' peculiar black magic. Lambs have risen, staggered and fallen forever, just, just exactly, as this lamb dies. So too in spring a March calf is born and "trembles to grow." This one will make it: "Everything else is in order, just as it is./Let the summer skies hold off, for the moment./This is just as he wants

A Baskin painting in *Seasons Song*: Exploring the kinship of man and beast.

it./A little at a time, of each new thing, is best." And so the calf explores the world, slowly, "to find himself himself. To stand. To moo."

For all this, Hughes has surrendered no speed or muscle. Swifts shoot stinging through the spring air, rise and fall almost too violently and erratically to be seen, or at least to be fixed by sight. The poem proceeds in jittery bursts, imitating the motion of fighter planes engaging in mock battle:

> . . . . . And here they are, here they are again
> Erupting across yard-stones
> Shrapnel-scatter terror. Frog-gapers,
> Speedway goggles, international mobsters—
> A bolas of three or four wire screams
> Jockeying across each other
> On their switchback wheel of death.
> They swat past, hard-fletched,
> Veer on the hard air, toss up over the roof
> And are gone again. . . .

Then a swift dies, an "inevitable balsa death," like the crushings of a man-made model plane, and is buried, presumably as the children watch it put in the earth, "the husk/Of my little Apollo—/The charred scream/Folded in its huge power."

Autumn comes, with a mouth as wide "and red as a sunset," and an icicle for a tail. And winter screws down, and once again Hughes celebrates the survivors, but now the quality of survival has changed from the savage predations of the fox and jaguar:

> Moonlight freezes the shaggy world
> Like a mammoth of ice—
> The past and the future
> Are the jaws of a steel vice.
> But the cod is in the tide-rip
> Like a key in a purse.
> The deer are on the bare-blown hill
> Like smiles on a nurse.
> The flies are behind the plaster
> Like the lost score of a jig.
> Sparrows are in the ivy-clump
> Like money in a pig.

It would be intolerably presumptuous, given Hughes' shifts of course, to guess where he will go before he gets there. But to my sense and mind his purpose is grander now than it has ever been. A critic has written that "as a thinker he is a hangman, not a priest," but this is no longer so. His black beast-epic, *Crow*, puts man in a bird's feathers to sardonic purpose; it is an exercise in anthropomorphism no less than *Aesop's Fables* is— if *Crow* is more bestially human, it is no less schematic, no less fixed and still. Poems such as "Pike" and "Second Look at a Jaguar" and "Another" are anatomies, the exercise of language upon moving objects as Leonardo's anatomies are the exercise of line upon dead human tissue. Both create motion, authentic magic. But *Season Songs* attempts a reconciliation between these opposing purposes. Man lives, beasts live among him, change may be imitated but never fixed. And when the swift falls to earth, this poet is on hand, to bury him in the earth and raise him again on words.

Theater

The first Absurdist high comedy

By Marty Bell

Tom Stoppard is a master craftsman who belittles his craft. He is a playwright who belittles drama. He is a wordsmith who belittles language.

He does not believe that the theater can impose structure on existence. ("Every exit is an entrance someplace else," says the Player in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*.) And words are too arbitrary to provide insight. ("The words betray the thoughts they are supposed to express," says a character in *Jumpers*. "Even the most generalized truth begins to look like special pleading as soon as you get it trapped in language.")

For this 38-year-old Englishman, playwrighting is an exercise not to affirm but to deny. It is not to explain re-

ality but to uncover falsity. He uses a medium that depends on illusions to destroy illusions. And so his work is anti-theater while, at the same time, boldly theatrical.

Stoppard is an ethical nihilist. Well-versed in art and history and religion and philosophy, he applies his sledgehammer to all of them. Nothing is worth being too dependent upon.

The characters he devises are as clever and educated as he is, but it does them no good. ("We drift down time grasping at straws," says Rosencrantz. "But what good's a brick to a drowning man.") They are not so much inhabiting his plays as they are lost in them. They are pulled into events that they are not really a part of. And they spend the evening trying to discover what the hell they are doing there. They never find out.

In *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,* two peripheral characters from *Hamlet* become pivotal. They are summoned to Elsinore and spend their time trying to figure out what roles they are to play in the struggles occurring around them. As they drift ignorantly toward death, they fill time with their cleverness, playing word games and games of chance. They can find nothing more substantial to go on.

In *The Real Inspector Hound,* two critics sit in an audience bantering foolishly about their jobs and comparing notes on the play they are witnessing. A phone rings on stage, the call is for one of the critics. He answers it, is dragged into the action and pulls his colleague in after him. Neither has much of an idea of what is going on.

Stoppard's newest anti-play is called *Travesties* (now at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre), and the latest target for his sledgehammer is politics. Art is still his form, whether or not he belittles it, and so he matches it against politics and questions their purpose together. The hook is an obscure tidbit of historical coincidence: the fact that James Joyce, Lenin and Tristan Tzara, the Dadaist poet, were all in Zurich, Switzerland, at the same time during the First World War. What a fine tool to use in such an examination! But celebrities bore Stoppard. He would never hang a play on these characters. They are the center of a circle, but he reconstructs the circle using a point on it as its new center.

His point is Henry Carr, a real character he discovered while reading Richard Ellmann's biography of James Joyce. Carr, it seems, was invalided from the service and had a small job in the British consulate in Zurich. Joyce had seen him there and in 1917 employed him to play Algernon in a production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* for which Joyce was the business manager. Carr's performance was a triumph (perhaps his only triumph), but he and Joyce quarreled over compensation. Carr ended up suing Joyce for the cost of a pair of pants he had bought for his costume or a share of the profits, and Joyce countersued for the price of five tickets he had given Carr and for slander. From these facts, Stoppard has created a character who can immerse himself in events he will never comprehend.

After we have heard the sounds of war and seen the library in Zurich

Playwright Stoppard: Pitting art against politics and laughing the whole time.

where Joyce is dictating *Ulysses,* Lenin is researching *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism* and Tzara is pulling poems out of a hat, we are introduced to Henry Carr (John Wood). He waddles onto the corner of the stage, an old man slumped over in a shabby grey robe and out-of-shape fishing hat, plops himself onto a piano bench and pounds out the song of Galway Bay, which sounds as disheveled as he looks.

Soon he is back on his feet, waddling again, delivering a virtuoso monologue in which he uses his cigarette as Groucho Marx uses his cigar, to create emphatic pauses. He is recreating (or creating) his life for us, trying to discover where he fit in among these prominent men. He chooses to make himself vital to events most of which he probably only heard about. He draws sketches of the Joyce and Lenin he knew and describes the arrival of Dadaism in Zurich. The words Stoppard has put in his mouth are an overwhelming example of the verbal gymnastics that have become this playwright's trademark. And they have never been delivered better than by Wood, who phrases and accents like a jazz trumpet player off on an impromptu solo. He draws laughs out of lines that even Stoppard probably did not realize were funny. After just ten minutes as Henry Carr, Wood has the entire audience responding to every move of his hand, every bend of his leg, every flutter of his eyebrow. Last year, he came to New York as Sherlock Holmes and played with such authority that it seemed as if even Basil Rathbone had mimicked him. But his Henry Carr is an even more assertive performance.

He soon rips off his robe and hat to reveal the sartorial elegance that was his prime concern in his youth, and becomes as gallant as he was disheveled a minute before. We then journey back with him, through his admittedly senile mind, to the glorious year of his youth in Zurich and witness his counterfeit conversations with the men who were supposedly revolutionizing art and politics. His senility is the base on which the evening's theatricality rests. Accuracy is nonexistent, time is out of joint and insanity is rampant. For Stoppard, the well-made play is constructed of anarchy; no theatrical device is too radical for him to try. So Carr's reminiscences include limericks and music hall numbers and slapstick. And since the role of Algernon was his triumph, Carr plays out his life as that character and sees much that is happening around him as scenes from *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

Theater of the Absurd is Stoppard's genre, Samuel Beckett is his primary influence, and now he has merged Wilde and Beckett as he previously merged Shakespeare and Beckett and Doyle and Beckett. The result is probably the first Absurdist high comedy. All of this imposes a stern task on director Peter Wood, who manages to carry most of it out smoothly. And designer Carl Toms, whose backgrounds of oak and scarlet are both lovely and functional, also shines through the hysteria.

In between the diversions, Carr manages to confront Tzara (played with a flair by Tim Curry) and they argue in circles about the meaning of art and its relationship to politics. Tzara and Joyce (portrayed by James Booth, in the weakest performance of the evening) square off about anti-art and pure art. And then Lenin (Harry Towb) takes a turn, consuming much of the slow second

act with his wife, Nadya (Frances Cuka), documenting his rise and the serviceable function art must play in the society he creates. Scattered throughout is romantic pursuit and mistaken identity right out of *Earnest.*

It all sounds and looks more confusing than it really is. After nearly three hours of ingeniously comic but overindulgent antics, Carr staggers out, aged in his shabby robe and hat, once again, and tells us he has learned nothing. "I learned three things in Zurich during the war," he says. "I wrote them down. Firstly, you're either a revolutionary or you're not, and if you're not you might as well be an artist as anything else. Secondly, if you can't be an artist, you might as well be a revolutionary. . . .

"I forget the third thing."

Carr's story has been a travesty. His life has been a travesty. And as he has interpreted them (maybe even in actuality), the work of Joyce and Lenin and Tzara have been travesties, all lewd distortions of reality. Art and politics are merely things men indulge in to occupy their time while they are passing through. Disguised in an evening of fun and games, Stoppard has drowned his craft and pulled politics under with him. His work is as revolutionary in his field as Joyce's and Lenin's and Tzara's were in theirs. But all of their work is merely nonsensical fabrications that give no real insight into existence. And this insight, finally, is what Stoppard is looking for but finds nowhere.

He spends the evening bombarding us with intellect and wit and begs us not to take any of it seriously. All is foolishness. All we can do is sit back and laugh at the absurdity. And Stoppard keeps us laughing nonstop. In the end, though, we are left cold. He has made us laugh but not feel. He is standoffish, his emotions are numb. The theatrics are exciting but never quite as affecting as we would hope. But on Stoppard's own terms, *Travesties,* though not as neatly constructed or presented as *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,* is his most exciting play.

Music

Reggae chic

By Janet Maslin

"Reggae is the natural music of the Seventies, the natural music of this decade," Jimmy Cliff insisted recently. "Reggae is the most complete, contemporary form of music that fits in with the kind of lifestyle that people are trying to live." Cliff, star of *The Harder They Come* and 28-year-old Grand Old Man of Jamaican rhythm, was in the process of explaining why, as he liltingly put it, "all my records have been selling in other parts of the world long before catching on in America. My reggae is . . . anybody can dig it, from a baby to whatever. So far as I'm concerned, it's got the widest appeal." If the raving boosterism of such sentiments sounds like the kind of thing one usually associates with Junior Chambers of Commerce, it still understates the enthusiasm with which reggae has been greeted in American avant-garde circles. Nor does it even begin to explain why such fresh, infectiously happy Caribbean music has yet to transcend its cult status and become a widespread phenomenon here.

Reggae has already made its presence felt in the States, to be sure; from Paul Simon's "Mother and Child Reunion," Johnny Nash's "I Can See Clearly Now" and the J. Geils Band's "Give It To Me" to such influential imports as the Stones' "Luxury" and Elton John's "Jamaica Jerk-Off," the sound of wholesale dabbling can be heard across the land. But there are a number of reasons why reggae has thus far made more of an impression on musicians and critics than it has on American audiences, the main one being its failure to capture a wide black following, one which could lend the music the proper cachet while helping to spread the word. While the long-standing enmity between Caribbean and American blacks doubtless figures into the relatively cold shoulder reggae has received in certain quarters, even more important is the fact that black, gay and generally cosmopolitan audiences are too busy with disco music to be in the market for new talent.

Unfortunately, reggae and disco have a lot in common. Both rely on strong persistent rhythms that tend to dominate all other aspects of the music, particularly melody. Both create a jaunty, relatively light-hearted mood; reggae does this a little more so, since it employs none of the heavy-breathing techniques that make some disco records so noxious. Both are quite repetitive, and neither allows for much vocal or instrumental invention. In each of these genres, what makes a record great is its perfect exemplification of a fairly rigid form rather than any attempts to modify or expand on style. Accordingly, both reggae and disco accommodate a lot of letter-perfect mediocrity; though you can easily spot the best records of either sort (such as George McRae's "Rock Your Baby" or Cliff's "Wonderful World, Beautiful People"), the fair-to-middling ones usually can't be faulted for anything definite—they're just a bit familiar, and hence a little dull. In any case, the two modes are too close for comfort, so close that discophiles have little inclination to look upon Jamaican music as anything special.

Reggae king Jimmy Cliff: Balancing stardom with a firebrand image.

So Jimmy Cliff has been finding, during the course of his first American concert tour, that his audiences are mostly white and noticeably older than most rock or disco crowds. There's a good, if insidious, reason for this: The community that first lit a fire under *The Harder They Come* in America was Cambridge, Massachusetts (the film enjoyed a two-year first run there), a hamlet that boasts the densest concentration of aging, white, quasi-collegiate lefties east of Ann Arbor and Berkeley. These enthusiasts have enjoyed the picture's politics and primitivism at least as

fully as its music. Cliff's cry of "Don't fok wit *me*!" is as oft-repeated as his electrifying soundtrack (which used to be the only thing you ever heard playing in Harvard Square boutiques) is hummed.

Reggae's chic has turned into radical chic, which may be another reason for the ghetto audience's indifference. Though reggae songs are often slyly, seductively politicized (Cliff says that the casual humor with which the music approaches serious issues is a throwback to calypso), the matters they touch on are ambrosia to the hip, white, middle-class palate: The world ought to be fairer, people ought to love one another, ganja ought to be legalized. (Ganja is marijuana, considered a sacramental weed by the Rastafarians, to whose black nationalist religious sect most reggae musicians belong.) The utopian politics of reggae are simple enough for anyone to understand and just exotic enough to strike a white American audience as inspirational (though the identical sentiments might seem considerably less entertaining if their point of origin were closer to home). True, songs such as Cliff's reggae anthem, "The Harder They Come" ("Oh, the o-ppress-ors are trying to keep me do-own . . ."), come on strong—but not *that* strong: A tune that Cher felt like including on her last album cannot properly be seen as a call to arms.

Of course, white liberals have as much right to admire and patronize their favorites as anybody else does. The only trouble with their taste in reggae is that it can be faddish and narrow. The crowd that thought Jimmy Cliff all the rage three years ago, when he was smoking dope and shooting at cops all over the big screen, today favors the coarser, surlier Bob Marley and the Wailers (Marley's hair is corded in the Rasta style, making him look like an aborigine) and, to a growing extent, Toots and the Maytals (though Toots' occasional soul mannerisms do not sit well among self-styled purists). One critic recently pronounced the Wailers the Jamaican Stones and the Maytals the Jamaican Beatles, while another casually accused the relatively slick Cliff of having "lost his direction." But Cliff, who is characteristically serene about and/or oblivious to such developments, tactfully likens the situation to that of the British Invasion bands of 11 years ago: "They were all playing the same kind of music, but everybody came with a different thing." Still, though its sales are picking up in the wake of his personal appearances, Cliff's smoothly excellent new album, *Follow My Mind*, has yet to make the dent it deserves, being upstaged in the hearts of reggae buffs by the Wailers' *Natty Dread* and the Maytals' new version of "Take Me Home, Country Road."

Cliff, a slight, graceful man who when I spoke to him was wearing a denim jacket, a ski hat, a big gold watch and a beatific yet guarded expression, is by now long accustomed to riding out (and glossing over) the vagaries of popular taste. In the Sixties, when he moved to London (he has since returned to Jamaica) and began to sing ballads and backup vocals (he appears on the Spencer Davis Group's "Gimme Some Lovin' "), his fans at home were for a time resentful and disappointed. But as Cliff now chooses to remember it, the problem was merely one of semantics: "I wasn't singing in the basic ghetto language, it was on a little more spiritual plane. They needed some time to get used to it." Lately he is looking on the bright side once again, this time as regards the seeming disparity between his movie-based image as a ghetto firebrand and the fact of his international stardom. It's really very simple, he says, with a deceptive naiveté reminiscent of reggae's charm. His band lives in West Kingston and keeps him apprised of what's going on there. "And I just stay in the ghetto a little more too, 'cause it's coming out of the ghetto, yeah. No, I don't really live there now— but I still go, and I like to be there. That's where the whole thing is happening now—what they talk, what the brothers are saying on the corner. I've always said this of myself, that no matter how famous I get I don't want to be the kind of star who won't be able to walk on the street. If you say hi, I say hi,too."

****Stephane Grappelli** (Pye). Vigorous yet dreamy, this American release of a 1973 London recording features some of the loveliest, airiest jazz violin renditions of sentimental favorites ("The Birth of the Blues," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "I've Got the World on a String") that you could ever hope to hear.

***Rock of the Westies,** *Elton John* (Rocket). An embarrassingly flat and slipshod quickie, flailing in the wake of the relatively interesting *Captain Fantastic*. The one star is strictly for the *whooooosh!* noise on "Island Girl," the title spoonerism and old times' sake.

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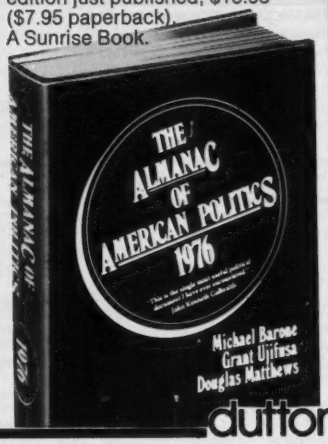

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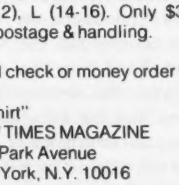

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Drive for power

Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

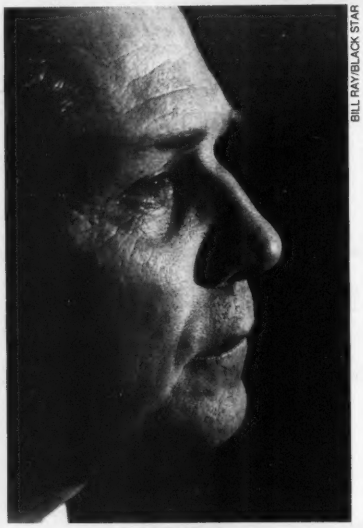
Everybody knows where I am. I have never had any bodyguards and I always drive myself. If anyone wants to get me, they know where I am.

James Riddle Hoffa was tough, all right, as tough as any of the 25 million truckers he sent rolling across the highways of America. For 14 years (four of them spent in stir) he ran the nation's most powerful union—the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America—with a band-saw voice, a sawed-off baseball bat and the sure gutter savvy that told him early on that power was everything, that might indeed made right.

It was this brickbat philosophy, this gear-grinding drive for power, that made Hoffa quite literally one of America's prime movers. He lived for 62 years on the hardest edge of life, and his plummet from that edge was as predictable as the ratio of the radius to the circumference of a giant truck tire. On July 30 Hoffa, as always, drove his own dark green 1974 Pontiac Grand Ville hardtop to the Machus Red Fox restaurant in Bloomfield Township, a suburb of Detroit. He was apparently supposed to meet Tony Giacalone, ramrod of the Mafia rackets in Detroit. The subject: Hoffa's bid to regain his Teamster presidency from the man he handpicked to succeed him in 1971, Frank Fitzsimmons. Trouble was, under Fitzsimmons' beneficient hand, the Mob was putting the Teamsters' $1.3 billion pension fund to bountiful use. Hoffa, once so useful himself, was now in the way. Giacalone and Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, unofficial head of the New Jersey Teamsters, began scheming to remove Hoffa.

They plainly succeeded, and all the bumper stickers on all the big rigs in the land asking for information of Hoffa's whereabouts aren't going to bring him back. At 2:30 p.m. that afternoon, he called his wife at their Lake Orion home and asked, "Has Tony Giacalone called?" No one has seen him since, and anyone who believes that Jimmy Hoffa is still alive will argue the virginity of Elizabeth Taylor.

Hoffa might have given grudging professional approval to the clean, swift, efficient method of his elimination; he himself was not wont to dwell overlong on the conventionalities of courtroom or ballot-box confrontations with his enemies. Then, too, he was not reared in an atmosphere designed to instill confidence in the democratic process. He grew up in the fire and thunder of Depression Detroit; he watched Henry Ford's brown-shirts break the heads of union organizers, saw the blood run in rivers beneath the locked plant gates.



BILL RAY/BLACK STAR

Young Hoffa the street-toughened shrimp (5 ft. 5½ in.) realized that whole racks of baseball bats would not keep the union organizers out forever, and his future was laid. He left school after the seventh grade, and later summed up his subsequent career: "I got a job in a department store—stock boy. Then I got a job at Kroger's. And that's my whole life. Pretty simple life."

Hardly. Hoffa at 19 organized his own union at the Kroger grocery-chain warehouses, where he worked, called a strike in the middle of a delivery of highly perishable strawberries—and thus wangled his first contract. He brought his little union into rough-and-tumble Teamster Local 299—and became its president five years later.

If Hoffa was not exactly what idealists like Big Bill Haywood and Samuel Gompers had in mind, he was certainly capable. Wheeling and dealing, he expanded his influence throughout the country until he became executive officer to International Teamster President Dave Beck. He was both Beck's muscle and his brains, but he carefully countered the Beck style. Beck, flashy and profligate, burlesqued the stage gangster of the Twenties; Hoffa, who neither smoked nor drank, who dressed like a staid businessman and lived a decent family life in modest circumstances, represented the Mob's new quest for frontal respectability.

His storied organization connections soon won him a bout with crime-busting Attorney General Robert Kennedy, whom Hoffa forever referred to as "the creep." The Justice Department finally jailed Hoffa in 1967 for jury tampering, fraud and conspiracy. His 13-year sentence was commuted in 1971 by President Nixon, whom Hoffa had ardently supported. The stipulation was that Hoffa would stay out of union activities until 1980. In his magnificent contempt for the law, Hoffa figured he could wiggle out of that one in the courts.

In the end, of course, it was not the long arm of the law that got him but the muscled biceps of his own. Giacalone was a longtime friend, Provenzano supposedly a respected rival. There is even a suspicion (voiced by his son James, among others) that his trusted foster son, Chuckie O'Brien, might know more about Hoffa's disappearance than he lets on. In all of this rings the chill echo of *The Godfather:* "It's only business." As Hoffa himself put it in a *Playboy* interview, "There's nothing wrong with busting heads if they're trying to break up your union. It's survival of the fittest, my friend."

It is survival of the fittest, without friends, and the grim Jehovian moral of Hoffa's life is that he who shall live by the sawed-off baseball bat shall die by it. ●

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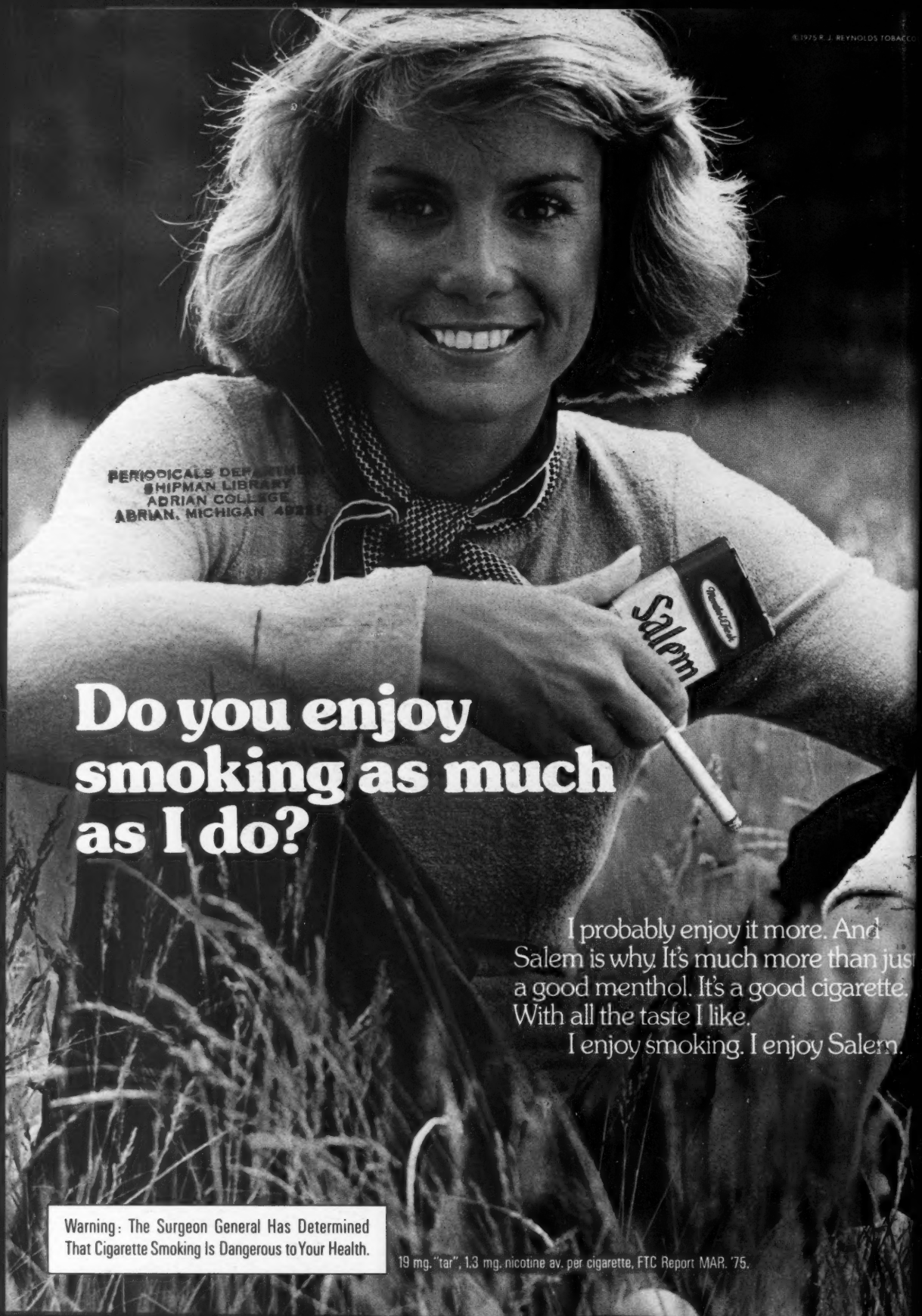
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